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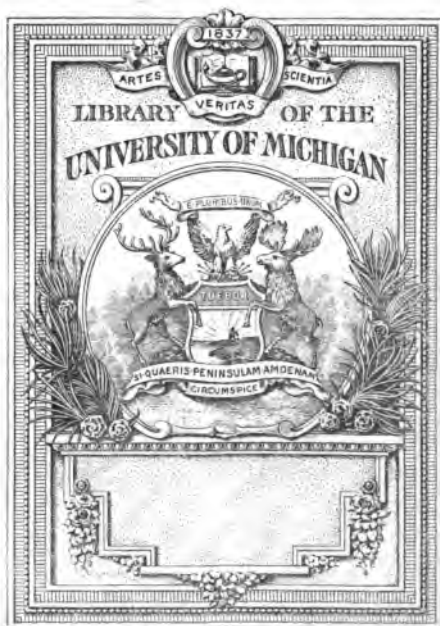
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AMERICAN  
SONNETS







1873

# AMERICAN SONNETS

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

T. W. HIGGINSON AND E. H. BIGELOW



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
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## PREFACE.

THOREAU has said that there is no definition of poetry which the poet will not at once prove to be worthless, by setting aside all its requisitions. It is, perhaps, a merit of the sonnet that it puts some bounds to this possibility of range, and implies a few fixed laws. Yet in attempting to enforce those laws, it is easy to become as pedantic and wearisome as the later Greek grammarians. It is as possible in literature as in zoölogy to over-refine, over-classify, and to make species and even genera out of mere varieties. Much of the distinction so often claimed between the Shakespearian and the Petrarchan types of sonnet becomes worthless when we observe that Petrarch, when he found it convenient, closed his sonnets with a rhymed couplet as fearlessly as Shakespeare; so did Milton, so does even Rossetti.<sup>1</sup> It is much the same with

<sup>1</sup>Petrarch: Sonnets lxxiii., cxxxiii., cclxxxii.;



all other technicalities, beyond the mere number of lines and their length; while it is true, on the other hand, that we observe a steady reversion from the Shakspearian and toward the Petrarchan form.

This reversion began mainly with Milton, of whose sonnets Dr. Johnson curiously remarked — and perhaps for this very reason — “Of the best it can only be said that they are not bad, and perhaps only the eighth and twenty-first are entitled to even this slender commendation.” Yet Milton led the way in the direction of the Italian models, and if his combination of the two essential parts of the sonnet does not always satisfy Mr. Theodore Watts, the same inflection must fall on Petrarch. The most curious episode that has occurred in the history of the English sonnet was when Coleridge, following a century after Milton, — and with the correct and careful Bowles as an intermediate influence, — yet swept away at a stroke all that Milton had gained and Bowles had preserved, and declared an English sonnet on the Italian

Milton: “Qual in colle,” “Per certo,” and “Cromwell, our chief of men”; Rossetti, *passim*, even in his sonnet on the sonnet itself.

model to be the most "difficult and artificial" of all species of composition. He went on to assert that "respecting the metre of a sonnet, the writer should consult his own convenience, — rhymes many or few, or no rhymes at all;" and then exemplified his theory by publishing a rambling poem of sixteen lines, with alternating rhymes, and calling it "Sonnet V." of a series of ten which he had selected as "not beneath mediocrity."<sup>1</sup> Between this utter looseness of structure and the present comparative strictness, there is certainly a wide range. Coleridge's opinion of the intrinsic impracticability of the English sonnet is now wholly set aside, and our native tongue has proved itself, in Rossetti's hands, to be as plastic as the Italian.

American sonnets, like the English, have undergone a distinct reversion to greater strictness of form, and this has proceeded less from

<sup>1</sup> *Poems of S. T. Coleridge, second edition, to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd. 1797. Pages 73, 79. In the later editions of Coleridge this curious prose passage is suppressed, and the sixteen lines appear, no longer as a sonnet, but as "Lines composed while climbing the left ascent of Brockley-Comb."*

the influence of any single recent poet than from the direct study of Italian models. Some of the older examples in this volume would scarcely have found a place here but for a certain historical interest, as proceeding from writers of the last generation, who deeply influenced American thought and life, although not primarily classed as poets. The sonnet here assigned to Daniel Webster, for instance, would hardly be preserved but for its authorship, as it certainly does not indicate what a foreign lady remarked to Motley in Europe, that the great orator was one of our chief poets.<sup>1</sup> The same historic interest would preserve, even if they had no merit of their own, the sonnets here given under the names of Garrison, Parker, Allston, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Others are here introduced as representing the work of poets who, though now fallen into some neglect, yet did good service for American literature in what may be called the pre-Emersonian period, and whose sonnets were much like the average composition of minor English poets at the same date. Such are the examples taken

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley*, i. 147.

from Tuckerman, Benjamin, Appleton, and Lunt ; with the twin acrostic sonnets by Willis and Percival on the reigning beauty of her day, Miss Emilie Marshall. Jones Very's sonnets stand by themselves as having a peculiar spiritual dignity which will preserve them in spite of what would now be regarded as a laxity of form. The more recent sonnets show more regularity of structure and, on the whole, more strength of expression and perhaps more originality of thought.

The last American collection appeared more than twenty years ago, and a comparison between that volume and this may safely be challenged ; since it is clear that in this direction, at least, our literature has suffered no detriment with time. To indicate this fact, as well as from other motives, it has been thought best to give but a limited space to any single sonneteer. Some of the poems have been revised for this book by their authors, and one or two are here first printed. With the best-intended efforts at selection, the contents of this volume doubtless vary greatly in merit ; but it is to be hoped that none of them deserve the sweeping condemnation with which Coleridge visited all

modern English sonnets, except his own, saying,  
—“And when at last the poor thing is toiled  
and hammered into fit shape, it is in general  
racked and tortured prose rather than anything  
resembling poetry.”<sup>1</sup> T. W. H.

<sup>1</sup> *Poems*, second edition, etc., page 74.

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## AMERICAN SONNETS.

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### INDIFFERENCE.

WHAT is indifference, do you ask of me ?

O well I know the meaning of the phrase.

It is to find gray ash instead of blaze  
That warmed you once ; to lose, alas ! the key  
Which turned in friendship's wards ; to some-  
time see

The eyes that shone for you in other days  
Now coldly meet your own in passing gaze ;  
To know that what has been no more shall be.

It is to find that you in naught believe,  
To know that youth has fled far down the  
past,

To feel that hope will ne'er again be born,  
And love is but a poor worn cheat at last.  
It is all this, *yet not for this to grieve, —*

*To live, and heed not that one lives forlorn !*

*Oscar Fay Adams.*

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## AT THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOWNE.

HERE poise, like flowers on flowers, the butterflies ;

The grasshopper on crookèd crutch leaps up,  
The wild bees hum above the clover cup,  
The fox-grape wreathes the fence in green disguise

Of ruin ; and antique plants set out in tears,  
Pink, guelder-rose, and myrtle's purple bells  
Struggle 'mid grass and their own wasting years

To show the grave that no inscription tells.

Here rest the bones of Francis Champernowne ;  
The blazonry of Norman kings he bore ;  
His fathers builded many a tower and town,  
And after Senlac England's lords. Now o'er  
His island cairn the lonesome forests frown,  
And sailless seas beat the untrodden shore.

*John Albee.*

## IMMORTALITY.

WELCOME the tribute sometimes Fortune steals  
From youth's exchequer to enrich old age !  
What ample pension freely forth she deals,  
To gild with glory his gay equipage ;  
Whilst o'er Time's track slow roll his chariot  
wheels,

Then Heaven's gate enter. He, his heritage  
Of Life receiving, breaks the sacred seals —  
High privilege, sole given to saint and sage !  
Life were but ashes, and one holocaust,  
If no fair future welcomed from its goal,  
No gate swung open to admit us : lost  
Were all companionship, and blank the soul.  
Ah ! dead to all Life holds and knows its own,  
If youth survive not and uphold his throne.

*Amos Bronson Alcott.*

## AT FREDERICKSBURG.

THE increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,  
And on the churchyard by the road, I know  
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow. . . .  
'T was such a night two weary summers fled ;  
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.  
Listen ! again the shrill-lipped bugles blow  
Where the swift currents of the river flow  
Past Fredericksburg : far off the heavens are  
red

With sudden conflagration : on yon height,  
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath:  
A signal-rocket pierces the dense night,  
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath :  
Hark ! — the artillery massing on the right,  
Hark ! — the black squadrons wheeling down to  
Death !

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

“ ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY  
RHYME ”

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,  
Build as thou wilt ; heed not what each man  
says.

Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,  
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time ;  
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb  
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their  
days :

But most beware of those who come to praise.  
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime  
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all ;  
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,  
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given :  
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,  
Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.  
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON  
THE YEARS."

I VEX me not with brooding on the years  
That were ere I drew breath : why should I  
then

Distrust the darkness that may fall again  
When life is done ? Perchance in other  
spheres —

Dead planets — I once tasted mortal tears,  
And walked as now among a throng of men,  
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,  
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.

Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,  
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,  
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,

Breathing some incommunicable bliss !

In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well ?  
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou !

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*



## SLEEP.

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,  
And in a dream as in a fairy bark  
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark  
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay  
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.  
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark  
So high in heaven no human eye can mark  
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.  
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,  
The resting heart shall not take up again  
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed ;  
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,  
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed ?

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## HUGHENDEN.

THE loveliest day of lovely English June, '  
Bright with rare sunshine, crisp and fresh  
with dew ;  
The whole fair landscape seems created new,  
And just to live is a delightful boon.  
A crystal streamlet pours its tinkling tune  
Gurgling and murmuring its cresses through—  
The velvet greensward wears its tenderest  
hue,  
Dotted with daisies thick as raindrops strewn, —  
And on a sudden from a listening ground  
There springs a living joy, a voice with wings,  
Trailing behind it, as it soars and sings,  
A shower of effervescent silver sound —  
A fountain-fall of music clear and strong —  
The bubbling bounty of the sky-lark's song !

*Elizabeth Ann (Chase) (Akers) Allen.*

ON A FALLING GROUP IN THE LAST  
JUDGMENT OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

How vast, how dread, o'erwhelming, is the  
thought

Of space interminable ! to the soul  
A circling weight that crushes into naught  
Her mighty faculties ! a wondrous whole,  
Without or parts, beginning, or an end !  
How fearful, then, on desperate wings to send  
The fancy e'en amid the waste profound !  
Yet, born as if all daring to astound,  
Thy giant hand, O Angelo, hath hurled  
E'en human forms, with all their mortal weight,  
Down the dread void, — fall endless as their  
fate !

Already now they seem from world to world  
For ages thrown ; yet doomed, another past,  
Another still to reach, nor e'er to reach the last !

*Washington Allston.*

## RYDAL WATER.

DAY's farewell breath, scarce ruffling Winder-  
mere,

Steals on to die among the reeds that bow  
To their slim shadows ; and in Rydal now  
Yon rosy cloud, unvexed, may see a clear,  
Still vision of her loveliness appear.

Calm in the mellow air stands Silver How,  
The sunshine lingering on his lifted brow,  
Yet, thinly veiled, a star is throbbing near.  
Sleep on now, Rydal, for at dawn the grass,  
Wind-stirred, will whisper round thy Words-  
worth's Seat, —

Stirred by the wind, but never more, alas !

By thy true lover's once familiar feet.  
Nature, thou virgin mother breathed upon  
By God, hast thou no other priestly son ?

*Annie Rankin Annan.*

## POMPEII.

THE silence there was what most haunted me.  
Long, speechless streets whose stepping-stones  
invite  
Feet which shall never come ; to left and right  
Gay colonnades and courts, — beyond the glee,  
Heartless, of that forgetful Pagan sea ;  
On roofless homes and waiting streets, the light  
Lies with a pathos sorrowfuller than night.  
Fancy forbids this doom of Life with Death  
Wedded, and with her wand restores the Life.  
The jostling throngs swarm, animate, beneath  
The open shops, and all the tropic strife  
Of voices, Roman, Greek, Barbarian, mix. The  
wreath  
Indolent hangs on far Vesuvius' crest ;  
And over all the town and sea, sweet rest.

*Thomas Gold Appleton.*

.

## THE UNTIMELY SINGER.

A BIRD with azure breast and beak of gold,  
A joyous stranger, beautiful and shy,  
Flown from far groves beneath a summer sky,  
At morn amid our March woods bare and cold  
Sang like a spirit. Raptures such as hold  
The arches charmed, and hush the zephyr's sigh,  
From his enamored throat flowed carelessly  
In musical low warblings manifold.  
At length he ceased, with arch head bent aside,  
And listened long ! but from the woodlands bare  
No cheering voice of melody replied, —  
Only a faint call from the fields of air ;  
Swiftly he rose, and as the echo died  
Fled to the open heavens, and warbled there.

*Obadiah Cyrus Auringer.*

## A DAY AND A FRIEND.

WE sat upon the shore, my friend and I ;  
The lake lay rocking in the morning shine,  
Odors of gum were round us, and a pine  
Played music while the waves danced, cease-  
lessly.  
Joy of wild woods and waters and blue sky  
Flowed through our spirits like celestial wine;  
We talked of poets' hopes and thoughts divine,  
And he was generous and I was shy.  
O golden heart of all that golden day,  
Wise friend ! so kind to my reluctant thought;  
So gentle with the grace that went astray  
Through stammering speech and woodland  
ways untaught !  
He read me by the things I dared not say,  
And loved me for the trust that doubted  
naught.

*Obadiah Cyrus Auringer.*

## A DAY OF JOY.

THOU canst not rob me of that happy day,  
Though joy from out earth's choral song has  
    ceased,  
And all things pass, the greatest as the least.  
So may the red rose weep its leaves away,  
And summer from her sumptuous prime decay,  
And silence fall upon the season's feast,  
And darkness on the dawn-enkindled east,  
Whence the sun leaps with bright and beckon-  
    ing ray :

That day was mine. And as the lonely years  
Wind downward toward death's door that  
    glooms afar,  
One memory shall banish all my fears, —  
A talisman that naught can dull or mar, —  
And I shall see it, from the way of tears,  
Shine 'mid the grave-dust like a fallen star.

*Julie ( Wetherill ) Baker.*



## SONNETS IN SHADOW.

## IX.

EVER for consolation grief is told  
How worse might be, and woe be heaped on  
    woe, —  
As if the present pain were softened so,  
Made less by fancied evils manifold.

Would the impoverished diver be consoled,  
When from his hand the pearl, like melting  
    snow,  
Slips to plunge darkling in the tide below,  
That the void shell has not escaped his hold ?

When love has from our longing arms been torn,  
What boots it if the empty world we grasp ?  
To those who this supreme bereavement mourn

It little matters what woe follows fast !  
The worst that fate can do already borne,  
The very meaning of such dread is past.

*Arlo Bates.*

## SONNETS IN SHADOW.

## XVIII.

LIKE to a coin, passing from hand to hand,  
Are common memories, and day by day  
The sharpness of their impress wears away.  
But love's remembrances unspoiled withstand

The touch of time, as in an antique land  
Where some proud town old centuries did  
slay,  
Intaglios buried lie, still in decay  
Perfect and precious spite of grinding sand.

What fame or joy or sorrow has been ours,  
What we have hoped or feared, we may forget.  
The clearness of all memory time deflours,

Save that of love alone, persistent yet  
Though sure oblivion all things else devours,  
Its tracings firm as when they first were set.

*Arlo Bates.*

## ON HEARING AN EOLIAN HARP.

SURE 't is the voice of choired saints that flows  
Along the billows of the softened breeze. . . .  
And now, in falls and dying symphonies,  
So sweet it glides, that forth my rapt soul goes  
To join those hymnings, ta'en from all her woes.  
Yet once more, and once more, ye minstrelsies  
Of power, my stormy spirit to appease,  
With some dissolving dream my thoughts compose. . . .  
Again your strains float, sinking on the wind,  
Soft, wild, and mournful all ; now melt away,  
Faintly perceived, like some expiring ray  
Of memory that trembles o'er the mind,  
Lovely in its departure, still enshrined  
As the blest relic of a happy day.

*Peter Bayley, Jr.*

## WAITING FOR WINTER.

WHAT honey in the year's last flowers can hide,  
These little yellow butterflies may know :  
With falling leaves they waver to and fro,  
Or on the swinging tops of asters ride.  
But I am weary of the summer's pride  
And sick September's simulated show :  
Why do the colder winds delay to blow  
And bring the pleasant hours that we abide ;  
To curtained alcove and sweet household talks,  
Or sweeter silence by our flickering Lars,  
Returning late from autumn evening walks  
Upon the frosty hills, while reddening Mars  
Hangs low between the withered mullein stalks,  
And upward throngs the host of winter stars?

*Henry Augustin Beers.*

## TÒ HÂN.

THE little creek which yesterday I saw  
Ooze through the sedges, and each brackish  
vein  
That sluiced the marsh, now filled and then  
again  
Sucked dry to glut the sea's unsated maw,  
All ebb and flow by the same rhythmic law  
That times the beat of the Atlantic main —  
They also fastened to the swift moon's train  
By unseen cords that no less strongly draw.  
So, poet, may thy life's small tributary  
Threading some bitter marsh, obscure, alone,  
Feel yet one pulse with the broad estuary  
That bears an emperor's fleets through half  
a zone :  
May wait upon the same high luminary  
And pitch its voice to the same ocean's tone.

*Henry Augustin Beers.*

## NEW YORK HARBOR ON A CALM DAY.

1 Is this a painting ? Are those pictured clouds  
2 Which on the sky so movelessly repose ?  
3 Has some rare artist fashioned forth the shrouds  
4 Of yonder vessel ? Are these imaged shows  
5 Of outline, figure, form, or is there life —  
6 Life with a thousand pulses — in the scene  
7 We gaze upon ? Those towering banks be-  
tween,  
8 E'er tossed these billows in tumultuous strife ?  
9 Billows ! there 's not a wave ! the waters spread  
10 One broad, unbroken mirror ! all around  
11 Is hushed to silence — silence so profound  
12 That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped  
13 Into the distance, would, like 'larum bell,  
14 Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell !

*Park Benjamin.*

## A PORTRAIT.

IN the white sweetness of her dimpled chin    a  
    The pink points of her perfumed fingers press,  
    And 'round her tremulous mouth's loveliness  
The tears and smiles a sudden strife begin :  
First one and then the other seems to win :  
    And o'er her drooping eyes a golden tress  
    Falls down to hide what else they might confess  
Their blue-veined lids are striving to shut in.  
The yellow pearls that bind her throat about  
    With her pale bosom's throbbing rise or fall:  
    The while her thoughts like carrier-doves  
    have fled  
To that far land where armies clash and shout,  
    And where, beyond love's reach, a soldier tall  
    With staring eyes and broken sword lies  
    dead.

*James Berry Bessel.*

## A WEDDING SONNET.

It were an idle thing, good friends, to say  
No after grief be yours ! The rose may blow  
In beauty, but the thorn as well must grow ;  
And though a brilliant sun brings in the day,  
Lo, a small cloud, — a hair-breadth's size, we 'll  
say —

May spread until it hides the splendid glow.  
Then let me pray these for you as you go :  
Sweet Patience, calm Content, and all the way  
You travel, white robed Peace : then at your  
side,

When Grief shall come she will come silently  
And powerless to harm. Ay : you will take  
Her hand submissively, and bid her bide  
At will within your walls. So you may be  
Happy and glad with Grief for Love's dear  
sake.

*James Berry Bensch.*



ON A PICTURE OF THE MAGDALENE  
ASLEEP.

THY tears are dried, sweet penitent ; no more  
Abandoned on the ground we see thee lie,  
The precious word of life beneath thine eye,  
Searching the sacred record o'er and o'er  
To find His grace for sins thy thoughts deplore,  
Who came for lost ones such as thee to die.  
— Thou art forgiven. — 'Neath a smiling sky,  
E'en as thou didst with upward face adore,  
(The holy Cross clasped closely to thy breast,)  
Sleep has come o'er thee, worn and wearied  
By anxious vigils ; yet in slumber blest,  
Heaven's radiant glory circles round thy head,  
Filling thy soul with visions of that rest  
Where e'en repentance has no tears to shed !

*George Washington Bethune.*

## THE SUN.

HEART of the worlds ! thy mighty pulses beat  
Upon the furthest planet's untrod shore ;  
They gild the surges of old seas that roar  
Beyond man's power to pierce their safe retreat.  
Great Heart ! and yet thy morning pulse-beams  
greet  
The little rose a-tint with blushes o'er.  
See ! spreads his wings the youngling lark, to  
soar  
Amid thy quickening radiance, vast but sweet.

Beat on, O Heart ! on planet and on sea ;  
Beat on, though tuneless Silence fill thy  
course, —  
E'en Silence fain would raise a note to thee, —  
But paint the smiling flowers, and fill, O  
Source  
Of gladsome life, the answering birds with glee,  
While joy-bells in my soul ring merrily.

*Melville Madison Bigelow.*

## TWO DAYS.

ALL sodden yesterday were sea and sky ;

A rood, perhaps, beyond the strand — not  
more —

The straining eye could dimly pierce. The roar  
Of reefs unseen died in a sullen sigh.

Crept shuddering back ships that would blasts  
defy ;

In shrouds close, wet, and chill they hugged  
the shore,

While momentarily, that waste of waters o'er,  
The deep-mouthed fog-horn poured a moaning  
cry.

To-day the merry Morn, with glorious flight,

Wheels up the jocund East, and gilds the deep.  
The ships of yesterday, aglow with light,

Crowd on full sail, and seaward lordly sweep;  
And I, I gaze with glad but baffled sight,

That from such boding gloom such life can leap

*Melville Madison Bigelow.*

## NOT FOREVER.

O LOVE, it may not be. Our weary feet  
Must learn to walk apart and seek to hide  
In what is right all other thought beside.  
And yet to us is given a life complete ;  
For like two brooks, whose waters never meet,  
But in their joyous course flow side by side  
Until they mix at length in ocean's tide,  
So may we too our various ways entreat,  
And passing on together through life's waste,  
Not one, but two, yet seeming to be one,  
So pure our faith, so high our hope to win,  
Find at the last our wandering paths so traced,  
That into Heaven's great ocean they shall  
run —  
And there our lives may meet and know  
no sin.

*William Hunter Birckhead.*

## LIFE'S DREAMS.

DREAM on, fair child ! such dreams as thine  
help hide

What, all too soon, 't will be thy fate to know ;  
And which once known, thy dreams no more  
will show,

Save as faint lights, which with us fain would  
bide,

In life's stern path, like old-time friends, long  
tried,

To cheer and help, when hope and faith sink  
low,

By thoughts of days which from us ne'er will  
go —

When all the world seemed bright, and Love  
was guide !

“ Why not, e'en yet, be brave and seek to rise ? ”

So speak life's dreams grown old ; and what  
they say

Is true. We strive once more ; and now, more  
wise

Than then we were, ere long we win our way ;  
And in our joy, we clutch our hard-won prize,  
And bless our dreams that still they hold  
their sway.

*William Hunter Birckhead.*

"FROM OUT ETERNAL STILLNESS DO  
WE COME."

FROM out eternal stillness do we come ;  
Into eternal silence do we go ;  
For was there not a time, and swift or slow,  
Must come again, when all this world's loud  
          hush

Was naught to us, and must again grow dumb  
Through all eternity ? — Between two low,  
Dark, stony portals, with much empty show  
Of tinkling brass and sounding fife and drum,  
The endless Caravan of Life moves on ;  
Or whence or whither, to what destiny,  
But He who dwells beyond the furthest dawn  
Knows, yet reveals not, evermore even He  
In silence wrapt, though deepest thunders roll,  
Save for His deathless message to our soul !

*Gertrude Bloede (Stuart Sterne).*

**"BRAVE COMRADE, ANSWER!"**

**BRAVE** comrade, answer! When you joined  
the war,

What left you? "Wife and children, wealth  
and friends,

A storied home whose ancient roof-tree bends  
Above such thoughts as love tells o'er and o'er.'

Had you no pang or struggle? "Yes; I bore  
Such pain on parting as at hell's gate rends

The entering soul, when from its grasp ascends  
The last faint virtue which on earth it wore."

You loved your home, your kindred, children,  
wife;

You loathed yet plunged into war's bloody  
whirl! —

What urged you? "Duty! Something more  
than life.

That which made Abraham bare the priestly  
knife,

And Isaac kneel, or that young Hebrew girl  
Who sought her father coming from the strife."

*George Henry Boker.*

## TO ENGLAND.

LEAR and Cordelia ! 't was an ancient tale  
Before thy Shakspeare gave it deathless  
fame :

The times have changed, the moral is the  
same.

So, like an outcast, dowerless and pale,  
Thy daughter went, and in a foreign gale  
Spread her young banner, till its sway became  
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame  
Are close upon thee : prophets raise their wail.  
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched  
hand

Points his long spear across the narrow sea, —  
“Lo, there is England !” — when thy destiny  
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou  
dost stand

Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land, —  
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be !

*George Henry Boker.*



## LONGING.

O TROUBLED sea, that longest evermore  
From out thy cold and sunless depths to rise  
To the bright orb that draws thee towards  
the skies,  
And beat'st thy breast against the unyielding  
shore,  
In the vain struggle to unloose the bands  
That bind thee down to earth ; in thy despair,  
With sullen roar now leaping high in air,  
Now moaning, sobbing on the insatiate sands ;  
Type of the soul art thou ; she strives like thee,  
By time and circumstance and law bound  
down,  
She beats against the shores of the unknown,  
Wrestles with unseen force, doubt, mystery,  
And longs forever for the goal afar  
That shines and still retreats, like a receding  
star.

*Anna Charlotte (Lynch) Botta.*

THOMAS À KEMPIS: DE IMITATIONE  
CHRISTI.

TURN with me from the city's clamorous street,  
Where throng and push passions and lusts  
and hate,  
And enter, through this age-browned, ivied  
gate,  
For many summers' birds a sure retreat,  
The place of perfect peace. And here, most meet  
For meditation, where no idle prate  
Of the world's ways may come, rest thee and  
wait.  
"T is very quiet. Thus doth still Heaven entreat.

With rev'rent feet, his face so worn, so fair,  
Walks one who bears the cross, who waits  
the crown.  
Tumult is past. In those calm eyes I see  
The image of the Master, Christ, alone.  
And from those patient lips I hear one prayer :  
"Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be like  
Thee!"

*Richard Rogers Bowker.*

## EVOLUTION.

SUBLIME is life, though in beginnings base  
At first enkindled. In this clod of mould  
Beats with faint spirit-pulse the heart of gold  
That warms the lily's cheek ; its silent grace  
Dwells unborn 'neath this sod. Fain would I  
trace

The potent mystery which, like Midas' hand,  
Thrills the mean clay into refulgence grand ;  
For, gazing down the misty aisles of space  
And time, upon my sight vast visions throng  
Of the imperial destiny of man.  
The life that throbbed in plant and beast ere  
long  
Will break still wider orbits in its van, —  
A race of peace-robed conquerors and kings,  
Achieving evermore diviner things.

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson.*

## THE AIR.

INVISIBLE enchanter, sweet and strong,  
That crumblest mountains in thy soft embrace,  
That rock'st the feathered seed through sun-lit space  
And lull'st the sea with thy caressing song ;  
How lightly dost thou dance the waves among,  
And wingest them for flight of fitful grace,  
And in the cloud-rack's path which none can trace  
Dispersing cheer the parchéd earth along !  
My voice thou bearest over dale and hill  
And spread'st in viewless billows near and far ;  
And with a subtler undulation still  
Thou tremblest with the light of farthest star,  
And holdest lightly, hovering on high,  
The bright phantasmal bridge from earth to sky.

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

## DIVIDED.

I CANNOT reach thee, we are far, so far  
Apart who are so dear ! Love, be it so ;  
Else we might press so close we should not grow.  
One doth deny even this so sweet a bar  
For fear our souls' true shape should suffer mar.  
Ah, surface-sundered, yet do we not know  
A hidden union in the deeps below ?  
An intertwining where the strong roots are ?  
Wise husbandmen plant trees, Sweetheart, — a  
space

Between the trees ; but after, soon or late,  
High in the sunny air their spreading boughs  
Reach forth and meet. In some celestial place,  
When thou and I are tall and fair and straight,  
We shall clasp hands again, — if God allows.

*Julia Boynton.*

## MAY.

BRING me a pallet and a hand to paint  
The tender tintings of this lovely May.  
It must be quickly done: they will not stay,  
But fleetly vanish, for they fear the taint  
Of mortal rendering. Bring one acquaint  
With music's meanings, that the ready notes  
Poured on the pulsing air from the full throats  
Of little birds, who sing without restraint,  
Be made a hymn to praise the God of Life.  
The golden green, the grass, wet with soft rain,  
Dimples with dandelions. See at strife  
Bold Robin with his hidden prey. Again,  
Bees in the flowery shrubs, with sweetness rife,  
'Neath the blue sky, move in a busy train.

*Louise Brooks.*

## JULY.

SWEET flower-kissing breeze, one word I pray,  
The same you told the grasses on the lea,  
That, bending, twisting, tossed with frolic glee,  
Each tells to each through the long joyous day.  
Ye braided waters of the brook alway,  
That green detaining grasses vainly woo,  
What alchemy now turns you gold, now blue ?  
What do your gentle murmurings betray ?  
Ye white and vap'rous bubbles of the air,  
Circling the brow of day, a pearléd chain,  
Your mystery I long to learn, — may dare  
To weave therewith a rhyme. The sacred pain  
Has touched my heart, leaving it soft and bare,  
Quivering with thoughts it cannot give again.

*Louise Brooks.*

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

SUMMER is passing. Lo ! the first sure mark,  
The golden lines September comes to trace  
Across the shortening day with shining grace —  
The upland yonder that erewhile was dark  
Shows gleaming russet now. The elms o' the  
park

Hang yellow fringes. Darting shadows chase  
Along the lawn, or tremble and enlace  
On groundwork glistening with a golden spark.

Pale yellow butterflies float in the air,  
In mazy dances up and down they fly,  
For Summer's parting gifts to Autumn they  
Bear lightly, touching here and resting there —  
September's robes are flushed with golden dye,  
And magic mists enwrap each shortening day.

*Louise Brooks.*



## NOVEMBER.

YET one smile more, departing, distant Sun !  
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,  
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,  
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.  
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths  
are cast,  
And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,  
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.  
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee  
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the  
way,  
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,  
And man delight to linger in thy ray.  
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear  
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and dark-  
ened air.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

## OCTOBER.

AY, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!

When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,

And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow  
brief,

And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,

Like to a good old age released from care,

Journeying, in long serenity, away.

In such a bright, late quiet, would that I

Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers  
and brooks,

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,

And music of kind voices ever nigh;

And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,

Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

## WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,  
Tell, of the iron heart ! they could not tame !  
For thou wert of the mountains ; they proclaim

The everlasting creed of liberty.

That creed is written on the untrampled snow,  
Thundered by torrents which no power can  
hold,

Save that of God, when He sends forth His  
cold,

And breathed by winds that through the free  
heaven blow.

Thou, while thy prison-walls were dark around,  
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,  
And to thy brief captivity was brought  
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.

The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened  
thee

For the great work to set thy country free.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

## FAREWELL TO SALVINI.

ALTHOUGH a curtain of the salt sea-mist  
    May fall between the actor and our eyes —  
    Although he change, for soft and dearer skies,  
These that the Spring has yet but coyly kist —  
Although the voice to which we loved to list  
    Fail ere the thunder of our plaudits dies —  
    Although he part from us in gracious wise,  
With grateful Memory left his eulogist —  
His best is with us still.

                                His perfect art  
Has held us 'twixt a heart-throb and a tear —  
    Cheating our souls to passionate belief :  
And in his greatness we have now some part —  
    We have been courtiers of the crownless Lear,  
    And partners in Othello's mighty grief.

*Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

## SEACONNET AT MIDNIGHT.

UP the black rocks the inky waters fling  
    Their ponderous coils, a slow, majestic weight,  
    Strong without rage, without convulsion great,  
Like the calm breathing of some giant thing  
Lifting a continent on the measured swing  
    Of his broad bosom. The dim cliffs dilate  
    In gloomy grandeur, and plunge down to sate  
Their caverned jaws in this wide weltering,  
As if they too were riding, like the ships,  
    Fixed to their moorings only ! Black alike  
The sea that climbs and sullen crag that dips, —  
    Save where they meet and crumble more than  
        strike ;  
There pallid gleams illumine their foaming lips,  
Making the darkness wan as moonlight in eclipse !

*George Shepard Burleigh.*

## AN OCEAN SUNRISE.

LIKE frosted silver in the earth's broad palm  
The ocean lay, unmoving as the sky,  
When the sky caught, from morning's open-  
ing eye,  
Ineffable splendors, and from earth the balm  
Of all the flowers whose sweetness was a psalm  
Sung out by every bird-throat audibly.  
The soft, warm light reflected from on high  
Shed vapory gold on ocean's waveless calm.  
Out of the sea the sun rose royally,  
And on the sea its burning image flung,  
And to the sea that burning image clung,  
As the orb climbed in double majesty ;  
A fiery isthmus stretched its arm between  
Two continents of fire in passing splendor seen.

*George Shepard Burleigh.*

## CROW'S NEST.

BUILDING our beacon fire, we spread our feast  
In the bare cliff high up against the sky ;  
Eastward a few lone clouds went sailing by,  
As more and more the sunset glow increased,  
And every sound of bird and leaf had ceased ;  
Far down below, we could the stream espy,  
Seeming at rest all motionless to lie ;  
And life from every burden seemed released.  
Range beyond range, we saw the wooded heights;  
And far away, backed against paly gold,  
Their rightful lords — unspeakable delights ! —  
Their purple splendor sturdily uphold,  
While, climbing slow, the moon and eve's first  
star  
Led every thought to heights more cool and far.

*John White Chadwick.*

## CARPE DIEM.

O SOUL of mine, how few and short the years  
Ere thou shalt go the way of all thy kind,  
And here no more thy joy or sorrow find  
At any fount of happiness or tears !  
Yea, and how soon shall all that thee endears  
To any heart that beats with love for thee  
Be everywhere forgotten utterly,  
With all thy loves and joys, and hopes and fears!  
But, O my soul, because these things are so,  
Be thou not cheated of to-day's delight.  
When the night cometh, it may well be night;  
Now it is day. See that no minute's glow  
Of all the shining hours unheeded goes ;  
No fount of rightful joy by thee untasted flows.

*John White Chadwick.*



## "THE DAY HAS PAST."

THE day has past, I never may return ;  
Twelve circling years have run since first I came,  
And kindled the pure truth of Friendship's flame,  
Alone remain these ashes in the urn ;  
Vainly for light the taper may I turn,  
Thy hand is closed, as for these years, the same,  
And in the substance nought is but the name,  
No more a hope, no more a ray to burn.  
But once more in the pauses of thy joy,  
Remember him who sought thee in his youth,  
And with the old reliance of the boy,  
Asked for thy Treasures in the guise of truth ;  
The air is thick with sighs, — the shaded sun  
Shows on the Hill-side, that the day is done.

*William Ellery Channing.*

## "HEARTS OF ETERNITY."

HEARTS of eternity, — hearts of the deep !  
Proclaim from land to sea your mighty fate ;  
How that for you no living comes too late ;  
How ye cannot in Theban labyrinth creep ;

How ye great harvests from small surface reap ;  
Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,  
Like midnight winds that foam along the main,  
And do all things rather than pause and weep.

A human heart knows nought of littleness,  
Suspects no man, compares with no one's ways,  
Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,

A recompense, a joy, a loveliness ;  
Like eaglet keen, shoots into azure far,  
And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

*William Ellery Channing.*

## MUSIC.

TAKE of the maiden's and the mother's sigh,  
Of childhood's dream, and hope that age doth  
    bless,  
Of roses and the south wind's tenderness,  
Of fir tree's shadow, tint of sunset sky,  
Of moon on meadow where the stream runs by,  
Of lover's kiss, his diffident caress,  
Of blue eyes' yellow, brown eyes' darker, tress,  
Of echoes from the morning bird on high,  
Of passion of all pulses of the Spring,  
Of prayer from every death-bed of the Fall,  
Of joy and woe that sleep and waking bring,  
Of tremor of each blood-beat great and small ;  
Now, pour into the empty soul each thing,  
And let His finger touch that moveth all.

*John Vance Cheney.*

## INCARNATION.

If I must lie asleep with Death at last, —  
Death, that stern monarch of supreme desire,  
Who, when he sees aught that would fain  
aspire  
To better things, sends his swift-chilling blast,  
And lo, a silence on its hope is cast,  
And only embers mark where once was fire, —  
I pray that fate will build my funeral pyre  
Amid some mighty ruin of the past.  
There let me sleep, where centuries ago  
Was love, and mirth, and kisses sweet as wine,  
And blooms whose ashes have a fragrant  
breath ;  
For then, perchance, my soul will commune  
know  
With one who saw the primal sunlight shine  
Before the world had known the cold of  
death.

*Thomas Stephens Collier.*

## THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

O GENTLE year, I 'll not entreat thee stay,  
Since now thy face is set to some far land  
Not named of men, untrod, a shadow-strand !  
And those most powerful prayers that lips could  
prayer  
Would not obtain thy tarrying for a day.  
Yet, gliding from us with the sliding sand,  
Thou shalt not pass till I have kissed the hand  
That gave me joys, and took but time away.

Can Love, that of the soul's delight is born,  
Being matched in stature to the soul, in-  
crease ?  
Not so : but Memory, leaning at his side,  
Waxes with every rosy draught of morn,  
And gathers to her every moon's full peace,  
And dreaming on dark seas of Summer,  
grows deep eyed.

*Helen Gray Cone.*

## BESIDE THE DEAD.

WITH hands that folded are from every task,  
It must be sweet, O thou, my dead, to lie  
Sealed with the seal of the great mystery —  
The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask;  
The life-long struggle ended ; ended quite  
The weariness of patience, and of pain ;  
And the eyes closed to open not again  
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.  
It must be sweet to slumber and forget ;  
To have the poor tired heart so still at last :  
Done with all yearning, done with all regret,  
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past :  
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet —  
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet !

*Ina Donna Coolbrith.*

## AT DAWN.

NIGHT shadows fly. The air is crisp and sweet  
With orange fragrance. Golden apples gird  
The waxen whiteness of new buds, just stirred  
By zephyr's finger. See him, winging fleet  
To where the roses at the house-roof meet, —  
That feathered joy, the jocund mocking-bird !  
Such songs ecstatic day hath never heard,  
Rippling across wide fields of springing wheat.  
And still she lingers, loth to rise and fold  
The curtaining mist from off the mountain  
snows ;  
Flushing with pink the granite gray and old,  
Ere low she stoops to paint yon opening rose.  
Now from pale clouds the pearl tints fade away,  
The garden lies in morning's garish ray !

*Sylvia Lawson Covey.*

## LAST LIGHT.

As when, aweary, with the dying day  
The traveler stands silent on the height  
So hardly won, and wistful sees the night  
Grow in the east along the path that lay  
Dawn-lit long hours before, now fading gray,  
Through wreathing, rising mists — lo ! full in  
sight  
Lie the broad fields, hills, forests, rivers white,  
That vanished as he passed them on his way.

So, on Time's wind-swept summit, when at last  
The farthest height is reached and the great sea  
Lies round the sun of life, the long dead past  
Flames in the sunset fire of memory,  
Forbid forever. And the night sweeps past  
Across the ocean of Eternity.

*Ralph Adams Cram.*



## LIFE AND DEATH.

## I.

O SOLEMN portal, veiled in mist and cloud,  
Where all who have lived throng in, an endless  
    line,  
Forbid to tell by backward look or sign  
What destiny awaits the advancing crowd ;  
Bourne crossed but once with no return allowed ;  
Dumb, spectral gate, terrestrial yet divine,  
Beyond whose arch all powers and fates combine,  
Pledged to divulge no secrets of the shroud.  
Close, close behind we step, and strive to catch  
Some whisper in the dark, some glimmering  
    light ;  
Through circling whirls of thought intent to  
    snatch  
A drifting hope — a faith that grows to sight ;  
And yet assured, whatever may befall,  
That must be somehow best that comes to all.

*Christopher Pearse Cranch.*

## LIFE AND DEATH.

## II.

OR endless sleep 't will be, — and that is rest,  
Freedom forever from life's weary cares, —  
Or else a life beyond the climbing stairs  
And dizzy pinnacles of thought expressed  
In symbols such as in our mortal breast  
Are framed by time and space ; — life that up-  
bears

The soul by a law untried amid these snares  
Of sense that make it a too willing guest.  
So sleep or waking were a boon divine.  
Yet why this inextinguishable thirst,  
This hope, this faith that to existence cling?  
Nay e'en the poor dark chrysalis some fine  
Ethereal creature prisons, till it burst  
Into the unknown air on golden wing.

*Christopher Pearse Cranch.*

## ROBERT BROWNING.

THEMES strong — verse bloodwarm with the  
limbs and veins  
Of life at full-flush — yet as when one sees  
Some unknown Grecian youth Praxiteles  
Or Phidias raised from flesh on Attic plains  
Into perennial marble — the coarse stains  
Of corporal frailty cleansed by ministries  
Of art divine from all impurities —  
Till of crude fact the living soul remains :  
So, with the touch of genius wrought this seer  
Of passion and of truth, till heart and mind  
Share in the vigor of the fleshly frame,  
Though palpable to sense his forms appear,  
In the soul's life transfigured and refined,  
The higher art that nature makes they claim.

*Christopher Pearse Cranch.*

## WAITING.

As little children in a darkened hall  
At Christmas-tide await the opening door,  
Eager to tread the fairy-haunted floor  
Around the tree with goodly gifts for all,  
Oft in the darkness to each other call—  
Trying to guess their happiness before—  
Or knowing elders eagerly implore  
To tell what fortune unto them may fall :

So wait we in Time's dim and narrow room,  
And, with strange fancies or another's thought,  
Try to divine before the curtain rise  
The wondrous scene ; forgetting that the gloom  
Must shortly rise from what the ages sought—  
The Father's long-planned gift of Paradise.

*Charles Henry Crandall.*

## ON HEARING HOFFMAN'S MELUSINA.

OF Melusina and the rippling waves,  
Of Raymond and the court of Brittany,  
Of silver-girded hunters strong and free,  
Of that love legend-haunted sea that laves  
The shores of bearded Druids and their caves,  
Of faithful love accurséd utterly  
From glance to kiss, while all the powers three  
Of earth and hell and heaven it calmly braves;  
They sing to me — and with the sound of song  
Are blent the smiling chat and flattering light,  
And all the gentle grace of easy time.  
What is this cry from generations long,  
Who quailed in God's and peering demons' sight,  
To us ? A pleasant evening and a rhyme !

*Ellen Dean.*

## THE HUMAN TIE.

"As if life were not sacred, too." — GEORGE ELIOT.

"SPEAK tenderly ! For he is dead," we say ;  
"With gracious hand smooth all his rough-  
ened past,  
And fullest measure of reward forecast,  
Forgetting naught that gloried his brief day."  
Yet when the brother who, along our way —  
Prone with his burdens, heart-worn in the  
strife —  
Falters before us, how we search his life,  
Censure, and sternly punish while we may !

Oh, weary are the paths of Earth, and hard !  
And living hearts alone are ours to guard.  
At least, begrudge not to the sore distraught  
The reverent silence of our pitying thought.  
Life, too, is sacred ; and he best forgives  
Who says : "He errs, but — tenderly! He  
lives."

*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

## OVER THE WORLD.

THERE is a time between our night and day,  
A space between this world and the unknown,  
Where none may enter as we stand alone  
Save the one other single soul that may ;  
Then is all perfect if the two but stay.  
It is the time when, the home-evening flown,  
And "good-nights" sped in happy household  
tone,  
We look out from the casement ere we pray.  
Into the world of darkness deep and far  
We gaze — each depth with its own deepest  
star,  
That brightens as we turn, nor yet recedes  
When we would search it with our sorest  
needs, —  
O holy living-ground from heaven won !  
O time beyond the night when day is done !

*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

## TO-DAY.

WHAT dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,  
That comes o'er the mountains with swift  
feet ?

All the young birds make haste thy steps  
to greet ;

And all the dewy roses of the May  
Turn red and white with joy. The breezes  
play

On their soft harps a welcome low and sweet ;

All nature hails thee, glad thy face to meet,  
And owns thy presence in a brighter ray.

But my poor soul distrusts thee ! One as fair

As thou art, O To-day, drew near to me,  
Serene and smiling, yet she bade me wear  
The sudden sackcloth of a great despair !  
O, pitiless ! that through the wandering air  
Sent no kind warning of the ill to be !

*Julia Caroline (Ripley) Dorr.*



## REMEMBRANCE.

I DO remind me how, when, by a bier,  
I looked my last on an unanswering face  
Serenely waiting for the grave's embrace,  
One who would fain have comforted, said :  
    " Dear,  
This is the worst. Life's bitterest drop is here.  
Impartial fate has done you this one grace,  
That till you go to your appointed place,  
Or soon or late, there is no more to fear."  
It was not true, my soul ! it was not true !  
    " Thou art not lost while I remember thee,  
    Lover and friend ! " I cry, with bated  
    breath.  
What if the years, slow-creeping like the blue,  
Resistless tide, should blot that face from me ?  
Not to remember would be worse than  
death !

*Julia Caroline (Ripley) Dorr.*

## DANTE'S MASK.

AND this is all now left of thee — a mask  
Of grave, worn features, still so proud in  
death.

No bitter jest can wound thee by a breath,  
Nor idle mocker now in scoffing ask  
Thy mission here. Completed all thy task,  
And won forever the immortal wreath ;  
While saddest of sad brows rests still beneath,  
Heart tempest-tost doth now in God's light bask.  
Pale image of great poet and brave man,  
Thou art to me as monitor and friend.  
When those sad lips and sunken eyes I scan,  
I see the lines of will that naught could rend ;  
Dauntless to death, still free tho' Florence ban,  
Proving thy strength, endurance to the end.

*Héloïse Durant.*

## OASIS.

As wearied traveler o'er the burning sands  
Sees distant haven in a speck of green,  
Knowing what cooling springs those branches  
screen,  
Hastes laggard feet until he gladly stands  
Within the palm's sweet shade, while eager  
hands  
Seek welcome streams, amid the restful scene  
His drooping heart revives. (What if be-  
tween  
This spot and home lie tracks of desert lands ?  
The present joy is his to take and keep.)  
So in our wandering o'er the sands of Time,  
When wearied, sick at heart, we blindly weep,  
A tender word, a smile, sweet strain, pure  
rhyme,  
Will give us blessed rest awhile, and let  
Our souls for once their bitterness forget.

*Héloïse Durant.*

## LINES TO A FRIEND,

WHO HAD BEEN AN ACTOR IN THE GREEK PLAY  
AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

*Sent with Thackeray's Anthologia Græca.*

A JOYOUS mourner clad in glistening white,  
Thee I beheld with suppliant's olive bough  
And bound the fillet on thy youthful brow :  
Walking before them, thou didst all delight.  
Alas ! thy slender youth shone there too bright,  
Nor would for Thebes the Gods thy grief  
allow,

But sorrows of thine own they send thee now  
And dim with flowing tears thy peaceful sight.  
I bade thee feign that look of Theban woe,  
Who, powerless now, would fain forbid this  
grief ;

For in the sober depths of thy pure eyes  
I seem to know a look that ever tries —  
Feigning an unfelt joy — to gain relief  
From pains which stricken souls alone can  
know.

*Louis Dyer.*

## OF FLOWERS.

THERE were no roses till the first child died,  
    No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's-ease,  
    No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,  
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed  
And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide,  
    Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,  
    Meeting and parting, as the young spring  
        breeze  
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide :  
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,  
    And all the world was flowerless awhile,  
    Until a little child was laid in earth ;  
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,  
    And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,  
    And so all flowers from that child's death  
        took birth.

*Maurice Francis Egan.*

## THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,  
And mourning mingles with their fountains'  
    song ;  
Shepherds contend no more, as all day long  
They watch their sheep on the wide Cyprus  
    plain ;  
The master voice is silent, songs are vain ;  
    Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,  
    Done by the gods when gods and men were  
        strong,  
Chanted to waxed pipes, no prize can gain.  
O sweetest singer of the olden days,  
    In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead, —  
        The gods are gone, but poets never die ;  
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,  
    Sicilian nightingales enrapturéd  
        Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill  
        the sky.

*Maurice Francis Egan.*

## TWO PHASES.

I SAW the immense moon rise beyond a sweep  
Of shadowy sea whose waves were softly  
curled ;

I watched the reddening splendor she unfurled  
By dreamy and rich gradations landward creep.  
Dark pines that fluttering breezes roused from  
sleep,

Long meadows where the illumined dew lay  
pearled,

The expectant air, the vast encircling world,  
All thrilled with eagerness divinely deep !

Days afterward I roamed that same fair shore ;  
Bright surges broke on rocks with mellow roar ;  
Both earth and ocean laughed with golden  
noon.

But faintly, in opal distances of sky,  
Like a bowed shape that crawls away to die  
Where none shall heed, I saw the old with-  
ered moon !

*Edgar Fawcett.*

## CROWNS.

It chanced that in the dubious dusk of sleep  
I seemed to attain that realm where mortals  
throw

All gross mortality earthward ere they go  
Forth as frail spirits amid death's hollow deep.  
All folly and sin was here that life may reap,  
All desperate fear and hope, all joy or woe ;  
And here all precious crowns the exalted  
know,  
Lay gathered in superb tumultuous heap !

Stooping toward these, I marked with silent  
awe  
Their ponderous gold, or gems that beamed  
like day,  
Or lovelier laurel that grand brows had  
worn ;  
But hid below the beauty of each, I saw  
Continually, in grim recurrent way,  
The poignance of one small red-rusted  
thorn !

*Edgar Fawcett.*



## THE HOURS.

ONCE amid sleep I saw the twelve sweet Hours  
Go lightly along, gay sisters, hand in hand,  
Some with gold flexuous hair and faces bland,  
Some dusky as night and wearing stars like  
flowers.

“ Ah, lovely ! ” I murmured, — but the secret  
powers  
Of slumber, issuing an occult command,  
Changed these fair wanderers to a mournful  
band  
That moved with earthward brows through leaf-  
less bowers.

Then faintly across my dream a voice was borne.

“ The forms you first beheld, so blithe of  
mien,  
Look thus to eyes that hope’s warm glory  
cheers ;

While they that walk funereal and forlorn,  
Though still the same, by differing eyes are  
seen  
Through shadow of anguish and cold mist  
of tears.”

*Edgar Fawcett.*

## A TIGER - LILY.

STRANGE that in your dark-dappled sanguine  
flower

The sculpturesque repose can still endure  
Of that celestial lily, wrought so pure  
It lives as chastity's white type this hour !  
By what mysterious art, what baleful power,  
Did you, Diana of all blooms, allure  
From Nature's mood this Mænad vestiture,  
And mock with gaudy tints your taintless dower ?

Nay, long ago, I dream, through some warm  
dell

Of Asian lands a wearied tiger stole  
Where you, in pale bud, felt your first dews  
cling ;  
And while he slept beneath you, it befell  
That all his deadly beauty pierced your soul  
And made you this fantastic sultry thing !

*Edgar Fawcett.*

## A VOLUME OF DANTE.

I LIE unread, alone. None heedeth me.  
Day after day the cobwebs are unswept  
From my dim covers. I have lain and slept  
In dust and darkness for a century.  
An old forgotten volume, I. Yet see !  
Such mighty words within my heart are kept  
That, reading once, great Ariosto wept  
In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping head,  
Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,  
And touched my leaves with dreamy finger  
tips,  
Lifted me up half absently, and read ;  
Then kissed the page with sudden tender lips,  
And sighed, and murmured one beloved  
name.

*Caroline Wilder Fellowes.*

## THE CRICKET.

OH ! little cricket that the evening long  
Dost tell thy story to the silent hours  
While the dew falls upon the thirsty flowers !  
What is the burden of thy ceaseless song ?  
A tale of love ? or secrets that belong  
To the dim solitudes of ruined towers,  
Whose crumbling walls the ivy leaf embow-  
ers ?  
Or drolleries of Titania's shadowy throng ?  
Thou art a friend, so ancient legends tell,  
That with the power of mystic sorcery  
Guardest the hearth where thou dost love to  
dwell,  
And with thy quaint and pleasant company  
The night's deep loneliness thou dost dispel,  
Thou merry chief of insect minstrelsy !

*David Skaats Foster.*

## A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BARREN waste of upland cold and gray,  
Its rocky ground to weed and thistle grown,  
As though the unwatched wind had reaped and

sown

Along its slopes for many a year and day ;  
And in the midst, as if a grave should stray  
And lose itself among the hills alone,  
A child's small mound and pitiful headstone.  
The only fair thing near, not far away  
With hushed murmur doth bewildered roam  
A little brook, and round the landscape wind,  
As its deserted mountain source it sought  
To gain anew : it seemed like a lost mind,  
That in some desolate tract, unmapped of  
thought,  
Wanders, alone, and far from any home.

*William Prescott Foster.*

## EVENING.

AGE cannot wither her whom not gray hairs  
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall  
of Time ;  
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,  
And violets know the victory is theirs.  
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,  
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime ;  
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime  
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.  
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene  
With sense of duty done without complaint !  
O venerable crown ! — a living green,  
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint —  
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but  
been  
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint.

*Wendell Phillips Garrison.*

## FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

HIGH walls and huge the *body* may confine,  
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
And massive bolts may baffle his design,  
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;  
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control !  
No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose ;  
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,  
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes !  
It leaps from mount to mount ; from vale to  
vale  
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;  
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,  
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.  
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,  
And, in its watches, wearies every star !

*William Lloyd Garrison.*

## ON AN ETRUSCAN TOMB.

ON thy rough sides, O cinerary urn !

Two thousand years and more these warriors  
fight ;

One lifts the shield and one the sword to  
smite ;

The end it is not given us to discern,

Nor yet the purport of that strife to learn.

Scorn not my reading, terrible if trite.

All life is such a battle, until the night  
Falls, and ephemeral heats to ashes burn.

Lo ! on the lid, wrapt closely to the chin

In the long sheet, arms limp upon the breast,

Head drooped and turned, a form of perfect  
rest ;

Strewn to the wind the dust that lay herein ;

Yet on this sepulchre the Etruscan faith

Carved unmistakably a Sleep — not Death.

*William Gibson.*



## GENOA.

GENTLY, as roses die, the day declines ;  
On the charmed air there is a hush the while;  
And delicate are the twilight tints that smile  
Upon the summits of the Apennines.  
The moon is up ; and o'er the warm wave shines  
A fairy bridge of light, whose beams beguile  
The fancy to some secret summer isle  
Where Love may dwell, which only Love divines.

The blue light of Italian summer falls  
Around us ; over the crystalline swell  
I see the lamps lit in her tier of halls  
And bid to Genoa the Superb farewell.  
Home of Columbus ! having dwelt in thee,  
I dream of undiscovered lands at sea!

*William Gibson.*

## THE CELESTIAL PASSION.

O WHITE and midnight sky, O starry bath,  
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood ;  
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and  
scath —  
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood !  
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps ;  
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power  
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps ;  
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour !  
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,  
Silence each tone that with thy music jars ;  
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire  
Till all I am is kindred to the stars !  
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night, —  
So shall my days be full of heavenly light !

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

## "MY SONGS ARE ALL OF THEE."

MY songs are all of thee, what though I sing  
Of morning when the stars are yet in sight,  
Of evening, or the melancholy night,  
Of birds that o'er the reddening waters wing;  
Of song, of fire, of winds, or mists that cling  
To mountain-tops, of winter all in white,  
Of rivers that toward ocean take their flight,  
Of summer when the rose is blossoming.  
I think no thought that is not thine, no breath  
Of life I breathe beyond thy sanctity ;  
Thou art the voice that silence uttereth,  
And of all sound thou art the sense. From thee  
The music of my song, and what it saith  
Is but the beat of thy heart, throbbed through  
me.

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM  
LINCOLN.

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold  
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he :  
That brow all wisdom, all benignity ;  
That human, humorous mouth ; those cheeks  
that hold  
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's  
gold ;  
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea  
For storms to beat on ; the lone agony  
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.  
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men  
As might some prophet of the elder day, —  
Brooding above the tempest and the fray  
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal  
ken.  
A power was his beyond the touch of art  
Or armed strength : his pure and mighty  
heart.

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

## THE SONNET.

WHAT is a sonnet ? 'T is the pearly shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea ;  
A precious jewel carved most curiously ;  
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet ? 'T is the tear that fell  
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy ;  
A two-edged sword, a star, a song — ah me !  
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's  
breath ;

The solemn organ whereon Milton played,  
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's  
shadow falls :

A sea this is — beware who ventureth !  
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid  
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

## BABY.

DIMPLED and flushed and dewy pink he lies,  
Crumpled and tossed and lapt in snowy bands;  
Aimlessly reaching with his tiny hands,  
Lifting in wondering gaze his great blue eyes.  
Sweet pouting lips, parted by breathing sighs ;  
Soft cheeks, warm-tinted as from tropic lands ;  
Framed with brown hair in shining silken  
strands, —

All fair, all pure, a sunbeam from the skies !  
O perfect innocence ! O soul enshrined  
In blissful ignorance of good or ill,  
By never gale of idle passion crossed !  
Although thou art no alien from thy kind,  
Though pain and death may take thee captive,  
still  
Through sin, at least, thine Eden is not lost.

*Elaine Goodale.*

## MOTHER.

UPON her snowy couch she drooping lies,  
A languor on her limbs that seems a grace,  
A sacred pallor on her lily face,  
A blessed light reflected in her eyes,  
She knows who drew her strength and would  
not rise ;  
Forgetting self, she rests a little space,  
Sees her warm life-blood mantle in his face,  
And strains her ear to catch his waiting cries.  
O wondrous mother-love ! how strange and deep,  
With what vibrating thrill of tenderness ;  
To give the glow, and lie a pallid flower,  
To give the light, and smile, and wait to weep !  
Sweet is thine infant's warm unconsciousness,  
But sweeter thy mysterious sacred power !

*Elaine Goodale.*

## VENICE

'GAINST the dust-gold of morn's candescent sky  
Strike dome and campanile, sharp and clear,  
Jangling sweet bells on the still city's ear.  
Strange scents of musk and myrtle hover nigh ;  
The frail pomegranate-blossoms, hanging high  
Above the dark canal, drop straight and sheer,  
Drift on, a crimson fleet, then disappear.  
High-heaped with sun-kissed fruits, the boats  
go by  
With cadenced oar to the gay market-place,  
Where purple, bloomy grapes, for very stress  
Of swollen sweetness, burst and spill their  
wine ;  
Where bronzèd melons lie, in shade and  
shine,  
And the Sea City's definite impress  
Glows in swart splendor from each dusky face.

*Bessie Gray.*



## AMONG THE FLAGS

IN DORIC HALL, MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE.

DEAR witnesses, all luminous, eloquent,  
Stacked thickly on the tessellated floor !  
The soldier-blood stirs in me, as of yore  
In sire and grandsire who to battle went :  
I seem to know the shaded valley tent,  
The armed and bearded men, the thrill of war,  
Horses that prance to hear the cannon roar,  
Shrill bugle-calls, and camp-fire merriment.  
And as fair symbols of heroic things,  
Not void of tears mine eyes must e'en behold  
These banners lovelier as the deeper marred :  
A panegyric never writ for kings  
On every tarnished staff and tattered fold ;  
And by them, tranquil spirits standing guard.

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

## KNIGHT FALSTAFF.

I SAW the dusty curtain, ages old,  
Its purple tatters twitched aside, and lo !  
The fourth King Harry's reign in lusty show  
Behind, its deeds in living file outrolled  
Of peace and war ; some sage, some mad, and  
bold :

Last, near a tree, a bridled neighing row  
With latest spoils encumbered, saints do know,  
By Hal and Hal's boon cronies ; on the wold  
Laughter of prince and commons ; there and  
here

Travelers fleeing ; drunken thieves that sang ;  
Wild bells ; a tavern's echoing jolly shout ;  
Signals along the highway, full of cheer ;  
A gate that closed with not incautious clang,  
When that sweet rogue, bad Jack ! came lum-  
bering out.

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

## THE POET'S PRAISE.

Who feels knows deeper truth than he who sees,  
And lives with God in greater harmony ;  
With Nature rests in closer sympathy,  
And draws her honey like the tireless bees.

He holds the beauty which forever flees  
Near to his soul ; he hears the melody  
Which rings through time and through eternity ;  
He knows the hopes and loves which always  
    please.

Therefore, O poet, will I speak thy praise  
And listen to the music of thy song,  
Or reverent twine about thy brow the bays,  
And to thy faithful worshipers belong ;  
For purest truth finds voice in thy sweet lays,  
And perfect love which makes hearts glad and  
    strong.

*Henry Hamilton.*

## CLOUD FANTASIES.

WILD, rapid, dark, like dreams of threatening  
doom,  
Low cloud-racks scud before the level wind ;  
Beneath them, the bare moorlands, blank and  
blind,  
Stretch, mournful, through pale lengths of glim-  
mering gloom ;  
Afar, grand mimic of the sea-waves' boom,  
Hollow, yet sweet as if a Titan pined  
O'er deathless woes, yon mighty wood, con-  
signed  
To autumn's blight, bemoans its perished  
bloom ;  
The dim air creeps with a vague shuddering  
thrill  
Down from those monstrous mists the sea-gale  
brings,  
Half-formless, inland, poisoning earth and sky ;  
Most from yon black cloud, shaped like vam-  
pire wings  
Or a lost angel's visage, deathly-still,  
Uplifted toward some dread eternity.

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

## FRESHNESS OF POETIC PERCEPTION.

DAY follows day ; years perish ; still mine eyes  
Are opened on the self-same round of space ;  
Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,  
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.  
I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes  
Of dawn or sunset ; the soft boughs which lace  
Round some coy dryad in a lonely place,  
Thrilled with low whispering and strange syl-  
van sighs :

Weary ? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,  
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.  
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and  
new  
Even in a weed's heart, the carved leaves of  
corn,

The spear-like grass, the silvery rim of morn,  
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night !

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

## A COMPARISON.

I THINK, oftentimes, that lives of men may be  
Likened to wandering winds that come and go,  
Not knowing whence they rise, whither they  
blow

O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee.  
Some lives are buoyant zephyrs sporting free  
In tropic sunshine ; some, long winds of woe  
That shun the day, wailing with murmurs low,  
Through haunted twilights, by the unresting  
sea ;

Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk with  
might,

Born with deep passion or malign desire :  
They rave 'mid thunder-peals and clouds of fire.  
Wild, reckless all, save that some power un-  
known

Guides each blind force till life be overblown,  
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night.

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

## EVE.

LONE in the sunrise of primeval day,  
More lovely than the virgin world around,  
With fingers pressed on lips that made no  
    sound,  
She stood and gazed. Spread out before her  
    lay  
The future — and the clouds were rolled away.  
The war of kings in empires still unfound,  
The crash of cannon that should yet resound,  
She heard, and saw the great world rock and  
    sway.  
Across the crimson sky above her head  
There came a cry of children asking food ;  
A wail of women for the nation's dead  
Went upward to the stars. So pale she stood ;  
Then to some secret place in Eden fled,  
And wept in presage of her motherhood.

*William James Henderson.*

## THE PLAYMATE HOURS.

DAWN lingers silent in the shade of night,  
Till on the gloaming Baby's laughter rings.  
Then smiling Day awakes, and open flings  
Her golden doors, to speed the shining flight  
Of restless hours, gay children of the light.  
Each eager playfellow to Baby brings  
Some separate gift, — a flitting bird that sings  
With her ; a waving branch of berries bright;  
A heap of rustling leaves ; each trifle cheers  
This joyous little life but just begun.  
No weary hour to her brings sighs or tears ;  
And when the shadows warn the loitering sun,  
With blossoms in her hand, untouched by  
fears,  
She softly falls asleep, and day is done.

*Mary (Thacher) Higginson.*



## SONNET TO DUTY.

LIGHT of dim mornings ; shield from heat and  
cold ;

Balm for all ailments ; substitute for praise ;  
Comrade of those who plod in lonely ways  
(Ways that grow lonelier as the years wax  
old) ;

Tonic for fears ; check to the overbold ;

Nurse, whose calm hand its strong restric-  
tion lays,

Kind but resistless, on our wayward days ;

Mart, where high wisdom at vast price is sold ;

Gardener, whose touch bids the rose-petals fall,  
The thorns endure ; surgeon, who human  
hearts

Searchest with probes, though the death touch  
be given ;

Spell that knits friends, but yearning lovers  
parts ;

Tyrant relentless o'er our blisses all ; —

Oh, can it be, thine other name is Heaven ?

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

## SUB PONDERE CRESCIT.

CAN this be he, whose morning footstep trod  
O'er the green earth as in a regal home ?  
Whose voice rang out beneath the skyey  
dome  
Like the high utterance of a youthful god ?  
Now with wan looks and gaze that seeks the  
sod,  
Restless and purposeless as ocean-foam,  
Across the twilight fields I see him roam  
With shoulders bowed, as shrinking from the  
rod.  
O lift the old-time light within thine eyes !  
Set free the pristine passion from thy  
tongue !  
Strength grows with burdens ; make an end  
of sighs.  
Let thy thoughts soar again their mates among,  
And as yon oriole's eager matins rise,  
Abroad once more be thy strong anthem  
flung !

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

## THE SNOWING OF THE PINES.

SOFTER than silence, stiller than still air,  
Float down from high pine-boughs the slender leaves.  
The forest floor its annual boon receives  
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil,  
fair.  
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare  
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle  
weaves  
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves  
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels  
wear.  
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their  
way ;  
High up, the crows are gathering for the night;  
The delicate needles fill the air ; the Jay  
Takes through their golden mist his radiant  
flight ;  
They fall and fall, till at November's close  
The snowflakes drop as lightly — snows on  
snows.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

## "SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED."

"Since Cleopatra died,  
I have lived in such dishonor that the world  
Doth wonder at my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died !" Long years are past,  
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.  
Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,  
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast  
Time has swept onward since she looked her  
last  
On life, a queen. For him the sands have  
run  
Whole ages through their glass, and kings  
have won  
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface  
vast  
Since Cleopatra died. Ah ! Love and Pain  
Make their own measure of all things that be.  
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless  
strain ;  
The life they own is not the life we see ;  
Love's single moment is eternity :  
Eternity, a thought in Shakspeare's brain.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

## MEMORY.

WHAT we miscall our life is Memory :  
We walk upon a narrow path between  
Two gulfs — what is to be, and what has been,  
Led by a guide whose name is Destiny ;  
Beyond is sightless gloom and mystery,  
From whose unfathomable depths we glean  
Chaotic hopes and terrors, dimly seen  
Reflections of a past reality.  
Behind, pursuing through the twilight haze,  
The phantom people of the past appear ;  
Hope, happiness and sorrow, fruitless strife,  
And all the loved and lost of other days ;  
They crowd upon us closer year by year,  
Till we as phantoms haunt some other life.

*Charles Lotin Hildreth.*

## THE VIOLIN.

THE Heart's Own Voice, sweet viol, by thy  
name,

Whose throbbing chords are tuned to every  
tone

Of passion's scale to human bosom known.

Dost thou discourse of love? The lover's  
frame

Responsive trembles and reveals the flame.

Is grief thy theme? What sympathy is  
shown

On every face! Mayhap there bursts a  
moan.

Thy gentle chiding wakens conscious blame.

Spontaneous pleasure leads the nimble dance

Where'er thy wizard wand a challenge flings,  
'Neath stately roof or green-wood tree per-  
chance.

And when repentance wavers o'er the strings

Their pleading prayers the contrite heart  
entrance,

And waft it heavenward as on angel wings.

*Warren Holden.*

## TWO HOMES.

I HASTEN homeward, through the gathering  
    night,  
Tow'rd the dear ones who in expectance sweet  
Await the coming of my weary feet,  
With faces in the hearth-fire glowing bright,  
And please my heart with many a lovely sight  
Of way-worn neighbors, stepping from the  
    street  
Through doors thrown wide, and bursts of  
    light that greet  
Their entrance, painting all their paths with  
    white ;  
And then I think, with a great thrill of bliss,  
That all the world, and all of life it brings,  
Tell me true tales of other realms than this,  
As faithful types of spiritual things ;  
And so I know that home's rewarding kiss  
Insures the hope of heaven that in me springs.

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

## NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,  
I leave the bright enamelled zones below ;  
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall  
glow,  
Their lingering sweetness load the morning  
gale ;  
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,  
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling  
blow  
Along the margin of unmelting snow ;  
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,  
White realm of peace above the flowering-  
line ;  
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires !  
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets  
shine,  
On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,  
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is  
thine !

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



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(THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY MOTTO.)

TRUTH : So the frontlet's older legend ran,  
On the brief record's opening page displayed;  
Not yet those clear-eyed scholars were afraid  
Lest the fair fruit that wrought the woe of  
man

By far Euphrates, — where one sire began  
His search for truth, and seeking, was betrayed, —

Might work new treason in their forest shade,  
Doubling the curse that brought life's shortened  
span.

Nurse of the future, daughter of the past,  
That stern phylactery best becomes thee now :  
Lift to the morning star thy marble brow !  
Cast thy brave truth on every warring blast !  
Stretch thy white hand to that forbidden  
bough,

And let thine earliest symbol be thy last !

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TO J. G. WHITTIER ON HIS EIGHTIETH  
BIRTHDAY.

FRIEND, whom thy fourscore winters leave  
more dear

Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek  
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest  
year,

Lonely, how lonely ! is the snowy peak  
Thy feet have reached, and mine have climbed  
so near !

Close on thy footsteps mid the landscape drear  
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to  
seek,

Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can  
speak !

Look backwards ! From thy lofty height sur-  
vey

Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,  
Of dreams made real, largest hopes outrun !  
Look forward ! Brighter than earth's morning  
ray

Streams the pure light of Heaven's unsetting  
sun,

The all unclouded dawn of life's immortal day !

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## THE BOULDER.

O'ER the gray boulder seamed and scarred by  
time

My searching thought its questioning thread  
would wind,

The secret of these crevices to find,  
Lettered in creeping lichen's crusting rime.  
And while I trace each deep mysterious line  
Of subtle force that shaped the cleavage  
grand

And fitted block to block with master-hand  
I read the hieroglyphs of thought divine :  
Record of æons by God's finger graved ;  
Of fire and glacier, crystallizing laws,  
Atoms obedient to a central cause,  
All patient power for endless purpose saved ;—  
I, but one grain of dust upon earth's sphere,  
Make altar of the rock and worship here.

*Louisa Parsons (Stone) Hopkins.*

## COLUMBUS.

He failed. He reached to grasp Hesperides,  
To track the footcourse of the sun, that flies  
Toward some far-western couch, and watch its  
rise, —

But fell on unknown sand-reefs, chains, disease.

He won. With splendid daring, from the seas'  
Hard, niggard fist he plucked the glittering  
prize,

And gave a virgin world to Europe's eyes,  
Where gold-dust choked the streams, and spice  
the breeze.

He failed fulfillment of the task he planned,  
And drooped a weary head on empty hand,  
Unconscious of the vaster deed he'd done ;  
But royal legacy to Ferdinand

He left : a key to doorways gilt with sun, —  
And proudest title of " World-father " won !

*George Washington Wright Houghton.*

## SNOW BORN.

WITH Autumn's latest breath there came a  
chill

Of brooding sadness, as o'er pleasures dead ;  
And through the sunless day, with silent  
tread,

There seemed to pass, o'er vale and wooded  
hill,

The footsteps of some messenger of ill.

Through forest ways with rustling leaves  
o'erspread,

The pine boughs whispered low of bodings  
dread,

And all the air a mystery seemed to fill.

But in the shadows of enfolding night,

From out the bosom of the frosty air,

Fell a baptismal robe of beauty rare ;

And when, at kiss of dawn, awoke the earth,  
Each leaf and pine bough, clad in vesture  
white,

Told of the peaceful hour of Winter's birth.

*Henry Raymond Howland.*

## DISTANCE.

How many leagues of weary land and sea  
Can place thy spirit far apart from mine ?  
Can lure from distance dim some silent sign  
To set my soul enfranchised far from thee, —  
Afar from eyes that never leave me free,  
From tones that stir my heart like mounting  
wine,  
From Presence thralling as some dream di-  
vine ?  
Alas ! by night and day all stay with me.

There is no distance, — not for those who  
know  
The silent countersign that makes them one,  
Whose thoughts are messengers that burn and  
glow,  
With Love's sweet messages the winds out-  
run.  
Go, sail the seas ! Go, seek the rising sun !  
Beyond my constant heart thou canst not go.

*Mary (Clemmer) (Ames) Hudson.*

## BURNT SHIPS.

O LOVE, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail  
And foaming prow across the misty sea !  
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and  
free  
That lands of sun and gold, which could not  
fail,  
Lay in the west, that bloom no wintry gale  
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own  
should be,  
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy,  
To shores unknown !

O Love, poor Love, avail  
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries ;  
There is no sun, no bloom ; a cold wind strips  
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips  
No more thy prow ; the eyes are hostile eyes ;  
The gold is hidden ; vain thy tears and cries ;  
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy  
ships ?

*Helen Maria (Fiske) (Hunt) Jackson.*

## OCTOBER.

BENDING above the spicy woods which blaze,  
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun  
Immeasurably far ; the waters run  
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways  
With gold of elms and birches from the maze  
Of forests. Chestnuts, clicking one by one,  
Escape from satin burs ; her fringes done,  
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days,  
And, like late revelers at dawn, the chance  
Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things assail,  
And conquering, flush and spin ; while, to enhance

The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a veil  
Of red and purple mists, the summer, pale,  
Steals back alone for one more song and dance.

*Helen Maria (Fiske) (Hunt) Jackson.*



## THOUGHT.

O MESSENGER, art thou the king, or I ?  
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate  
Till on thine idle armor lie the late  
And heavy dews : the morn's bright, scornful  
    eye  
Reminds thee ; then, in subtle mockery,  
Thou smilest at the window where I wait,  
Who bade me ride for life. In empty state  
My days go on, while false hours prophesy  
Thy quick return ; at last, in sad despair,  
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air ;  
When lo, thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,  
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.  
Ah ! messenger, thy royal blood to buy,  
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I.

*Helen Maria (Fiske) (Hunt) Jackson.*

## ARIADNE'S FAREWELL.

THE daughter of a king, how should I know  
That there were tinsels wearing face of gold,  
And worthless glass, which in the sunlight's  
    hold  
Could shameless answer back my diamond's  
    glow  
With cheat of kindred fire? The currents  
    slow,  
And deep, and strong, and stainless, which had  
    rolled  
Through royal veins for ages, what had told  
To them, that hasty heat and lie could show  
As quick and warm a red as theirs?

Go free!

The sun is breaking on the sea's blue shield  
Its golden lances; by their gleam I see  
Thy ship's white sails. Go free, if scorn can  
    yield  
Thee freedom!

Then, alone, my love and I, —  
We both are royal; we know how to die.

*Helen Maria (Fiske) (Hunt) Jackson.*

TITLES.

BORN sovereigns have no names but those  
bestowed

In baptism ; Constance, Philip, — so each age  
Knows them, and deals of praise or blame their  
wage,

As harvests of good fame or ill they sowed.  
So with the mighty, o'er whose cradle glowed  
The star of genius ; with that heritage  
Dante and Raphael shine on history's page  
Simple as when they walked our common road.  
Like thy great namesake, in whose cause the  
plain

Of Troy was strewn with corpses, while above  
Olympus heard the wrathful gods contend,  
So, 'mid the homage of respect and love  
Laid at thy feet by lover and by friend,  
Helen thou art, and Helen must remain.

*Lucia (White) Jennison (Owen Innsley).*

## BONDAGE.

"AND this is freedom !" cried the serf. "At  
last

I tread free soil, the free air blows on me ;"  
And, wild to learn the sweets of liberty,  
With eager hope his bosom bounded fast.  
But not for naught had the long years amassed  
Habit of slavery ; among the free  
He still was servile, and, disheartened, he  
Crept back to the old bondage of the past.  
Long did I bear a hard and heavy chain  
Wreathed with amaranth and asphodel,  
But through the flower-breaths stole the weary  
pain.

I cast it off and fled, but 't was in vain ;  
For when once more I passed by where it fell,  
I took it up and bound it on again.

*Lucia (White) Jennison (Owen Innsley).*

## HER ROSES.

AGAINST her mouth she pressed the rose, and  
there,

'Neath the caress of lips as soft and red  
As its own petals, quick the bright bud spread  
And oped, and flung its fragrance on the air.  
It ne'er again a bud's young grace can wear ?  
O love, regret it not ! It gladly shed  
Its soul for thee, and though thou kiss it dead  
It does not murmur at a fate so fair.  
Thus, once, thou breath'dst on me, till every  
germ

Of love and song broke into rapturous flower,  
And sent a challenge upwards to the sky.  
What if too swift fruition set a term  
Too brief to all things ? I have lived my hour,  
And die contented, since for thee I die.

*Lucia (White) Jennison (Owen Innsley).*

## AT SEA.

WHAT lies beyond the far horizon's rim ?  
Ah ! could our ship but reach and anchor there,  
What wondrous scenes, what visions bright  
and fair  
Would meet the eyes that gazed across the  
brim !  
But though we crowd the canvas on and trim  
Our bark with skill, the proud waves seem to  
bear  
No nearer to that goal, and everywhere  
Stretches an endless circle wide and dim.  
So do we dream, treading the narrow path  
Of life, between the bounds of day and night,  
To-morrow turns this page so often conned :  
But when to-morrow cometh, lo ! it hath  
The limits of to-day, and in its light  
Still lies far off the unknown heaven beyond.

*Lucia (White) Jennison (Owen Innsley).*

## A FRIENDSHIP.

SMALL fellowship of daily commonplace

We hold together, dear, constrained to go

Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know

My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace ;

And if we meet but for a moment's space,

Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world  
aglow.

Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink  
low,

Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.

Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance  
serves

To part us. Every hush of evening brings

Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of  
mine ;

And as the farther planet thrills and swerves

When towards it through the darkness Saturn  
swings,

Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

*Sophie Jewett (Ellen Burroughs).*

## ON NEARING WASHINGTON.

CITY of homes and in my heart my home,  
Though other streets exact a grudging fee :—  
How leap my pulses when afar I see  
The dawn creep whitening down thy solemn  
dome !

For now my care-restricted steps may roam  
Thy urban groves—a forest soon to be—  
Where, like thy shining river, placid, free,  
Contentment dwells and beckons me to come.

Ah, city dear to lovers !—that dost keep  
For their delight what Mays and what No-  
vembers !—

Kindling the flame, and if it ever sleep,  
New-lighting it within the breathing embers ;  
Dear even in their sorrow ! for when they  
weep  
'T is for rare joys, scarce known till Love  
remembers.

*Robert Underwood Johnson.*



## UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

O RESTLESS throng, massed on the shovel prow  
That eats the moonlit reaches of the river,  
Ye feel them too, those mysteries that quiver  
Through deeps of tenderness on high, below,  
Shooting in stars, glancing through eyes that  
    glow  
Yellow, red, green among the barks, and shiver  
The North with splendors from a boundless  
    giver  
And seam the dark with lamps that come and  
    go.

For hushed are hoof-stamp, babble and the  
    sharp  
Jangle of bells, and songs uncouth are still;  
O'erhead resounds the vast Æolian harp

Built for the god of storms by human will,  
The Bridge — whose twin colossi with their  
    warp  
Frame for the dawn's white feet a curving sill.

*Charles De Kay.*

## RIZPAH.

BLOWN through the gusty spaces of the night,  
The pale clouds fleet like ghosts along the  
sky ;  
A fitful wind goes moaning feebly by,  
And the faint moon, poised o'er the craggy  
height,  
Dies in its own uncertain, misty light.  
Within the hills the water springs are dry ;  
The herbs are withered ; and the sand wastes  
lie  
Dim, wide, and lonely to the weary sight.  
Behold ! her awful vigil she will keep  
Through the wan night as through the burn-  
ing day ;  
Though all the world should sleep she will not  
sleep,  
But watch, wild-eyed and fierce, to scare  
away,  
As round and round, with hoarse, low cries they  
creep,  
From her dead sons the hungry beasts of  
prey.

*James Benjamin Kenyon.*

## APRIL.

CAPRICIOUS April, beautiful coquette !  
Thou wearest now a smile and now a frown,  
And now a pensive air, with lids cast down,  
And thy sad visage with fresh tear-drops wet :  
Then, all at once, thou sadness dost forget, —  
Thy forehead circling with joy's radiant crown,  
And laughing gayly, with a laugh thine own —  
Lovely in smiles, in tears more lovely yet.  
Thy favorites are not princes of the earth,  
Nor gay gallants ; but sons of lowly birth —  
For ploughman and for planter are thy wiles ;  
Thy bird-toned voice calls rustics from the  
    hearth  
To labor, while thy presence care beguiles,  
And quickens precious seed beneath thy tears  
    and smiles.

*Elizabeth Clementine (Dodge) (Stedman) Kinney.*

## TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DEAR, lovely flower, whose fragrant lips un-  
close

To breathe a benediction to the Spring,  
Soon as the bluebird and the robin sing ;  
Sweetest and best that in the woodland grows ;  
Flushed like the morn, or white as drifted  
snows ;

I love thee as a herald of the hours  
That bring the beauteous train of forest flowers,  
And all fair things God's loving hand bestows.  
But most for her sweet sake who held thee  
dear ;

Who, in glad Springs, roamed with me hand in  
hand

These mossy paths where now alone I stray ;  
And yet whose gentle presence seems so near,  
I half forget her angel feet to-day  
Walk the green pastures of the better land.

*Albert Laighton.*

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

SUPERB and sole, upon a plumèd spray  
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,  
He summ'd the woods in song ; or typic drew  
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay  
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,  
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew  
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.

Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could  
say.

Then down he shot, bounced airily along  
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made  
song

Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art  
again.

Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain :  
How may the death of that dull insect be  
The life of yon trim Shakspeare on the tree ?

*Sidney Lanier.*

## AN FRAU NANNETTE FALK-AUERBACH.

ALS du im Saal mit deiner himmlischen Kunst  
Beethoven zeigst, und seinem Willen nach  
Mit den zehn Fingern führst der Leute Gunst,  
Zehn Zungen sagen was der Meister sprach.  
Schauend dich an, ich seh', dass nicht allein  
Du sitztest : jetzt herab die Töne ziehn  
Beethovens Geist : er steht bei dir, ganz rein :  
Für dich mit Vaters Stolz sein' Augen glühn :  
Er sagt, " Ich hörte dich aus Himmelsluft,  
Die kommt ja näher, wo ein Künstler spielt :  
Mein Kind (ich sagte) mich zur Erde ruft :  
Ja, weil mein Arm kein Kind im Leben hielt,  
Gott hat mir dich nach meinem Tod gegeben,  
Nannette, Tochter! dich, mein zweites Leben!"

*Sidney Lanier.*

## TO NANNETTE FALK-AUERBACH.

OFt as I hear thee, wrapt in heavenly art,  
The massive message of Beethoven tell  
With thy ten fingers to the people's heart  
As if ten tongues told news of heaven and  
hell, —

Gazing on thee, I mark that not alone,  
Ah, not alone, thou sittest : there, by thee,  
Beethoven's self, dear living lord of tone,  
Doth stand and smile upon thy mastery.  
Full fain and fatherly his great eyes glow :  
He says, "From Heaven, my child, I heard  
thee call

(For, where an artist plays, the sky is low) :  
Yea, since my lonesome life did lack love's  
all,

In death, God gives me thee : thus, quit of  
pain,

Daughter, Nannette ! in thee I live again."

*Sidney Lanier.*

## THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS.

SWIFT, through some trap mine eyes have never  
found,

Dim-panelled in the painted scene of Sleep,  
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap  
Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,  
Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete  
and Bound,

And all familiar Forms that firmly keep  
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep  
Betwixt the legs and mock the daily round.

Yet thou canst more than mock : sometimes my  
tears

At midnight break through bounden lips — a  
sign

Thou hast a heart : and oft thy little leave  
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered  
years.

In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,  
I think thou 'rt Jester at the Court of  
Heaven !

*Sidney Lanier.*



## "THEY SAID."

THEY said of her, "What deeper natures feel  
Her calm existence never can have felt ;"  
They said, "Her placid lips have never spelt  
Hard lessons taught by Pain ; her eyes reveal  
No passionate yearning, no perplexed appeal  
To other eyes. Life and her heart have dealt  
With her but lightly." — When the Pilgrims  
dwelt  
First on these shores, lest savage hands should  
steal  
To precious graves with desecrating tread,  
The burial-field was with the ploughshare  
crossed,  
And there the maize her silken tresses tossed.  
With thanks those Pilgrims ate their bitter  
bread,  
While peaceful harvests hid what they had  
lost.  
What if her smiles concealed from you her  
dead ?

*Lucy Larcom.*

## EMERSON.

To thee the prayer of all was granted — Light !

Thou hast felt life-warmth through the age's  
rime,

Hast pierced the mask of flesh, the veil of  
time,

That heart from heart and soul from soul be-  
night.

And whoso kens thy word to man aright

Finds in the world a spiritual clime,

Beholds the Present as a land sublime,

Peopled with beings of heroic height.

To eras gone their prophet-seers have brought

God's new-born truth to feed a hungering  
race ;

And thou, like those of old, hast read His  
thought

Writ in the stars by night ;—His secret  
place,

The solemn forest, thou by day hast sought,

And heard His voice through boughs that hid  
His face.

*Wilbur Larremore.*

## THE LOVER'S YEAR.

THOU art my morning, twilight, noon, and eve,  
My Summer and my Winter, Spring and  
Fall ;

For Nature left on thee a touch of all  
The moods that come to gladden or to grieve  
The heart of Time, with purpose to relieve  
From lagging sameness. So do these fore-  
stall

In thee such o'erheaped sweetnesses as pall  
Too swiftly, and the taster tasteless leave.  
Scenes that I love, to me always remain  
Beautiful, whether under summer's sun  
Beheld, or, storm-dark, stricken across with  
rain.

So, through all humors thou 'rt the same,  
sweet one :  
Doubt not I love thee well in each, who see  
Thy constant change is changeful constancy.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

## "O WHOLESOME DEATH."

O WHOLESOME Death, thy sombre funeral-car  
Looms ever dimly on the lengthening way  
Of life ; while, lengthening still, in sad array,  
My deeds in long procession go, that are  
As mourners of the man they helped to mar.

I see it all in dreams, such as waylay  
The wandering fancy when the solid day  
Has fallen in smouldering ruins, and night's  
star,

Aloft there, with its steady point of light  
Mastering the eye, has wrapped the brain in  
sleep.

Ah, when I die, and planets hold their flight  
Above my grave, still let my spirit keep  
Sometimes its vigil of divine remorse,  
'Midst pity, praise, or blame heaped o'er my  
corse !

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

## MY FATHERLAND.

AN INCIDENT OF THE RETREAT OF THE TEN  
THOUSAND.

## I.

THE imperial boy had fallen in his pride  
Before the walls of golden Babylon.  
The host who deemed that priceless treasure  
won  
For many a day since then had wandered wide,  
By famine thinned, by savage hordes defied.  
In a deep vale, beneath the setting sun,  
They saw at last a swift black river run,  
While shouting spearsmen thronged the farther  
side.

Then eagerly, with startled, joyous eyes,  
Toward the despondent chief a soldier flew :  
"I was a slave in Athens : never knew  
My native country : but I understand  
The meaning of yon wild barbarian cries,  
And I believe this is my fatherland !"

*William Cranston Lawton.*

## MY FATHERLAND.

## II.

THIS glimpse have we, no more. Did parents  
fond,

Brothers, and kinsmen, hail his late return ?  
Or did he, doubly exiled, only yearn  
To greet the Euxine's waves at Trebizond,  
The blue Ægean, and Pallas' towers beyond ?  
Mute is the record : we shall never learn.  
But when once more the well-worn page I  
turn,  
Forever by reluctant schoolboys conned,

A parable the tale to me appears,  
Of blacker waters in a drearier vale.  
Ah me ! when on that brink we exiles  
stand,  
As earthly lights and mortal accents fail,  
Shall voices long-forgotten reach our ears  
To tell us we have found our fatherland ?

*William Cranston Lawton.*

## SYMPHONIC STUDIES.

(AFTER ROBERT SCHUMANN.)

## PRELUDE.

BLUE storm-clouds in hot heavens of mid-July  
Hung heavy, brooding over land and sea :  
Our hearts, a-tremble, throbbed in harmony  
With the wild, restless tone of air and sky.  
Shall we not call him Prospero who held  
In his enchanted hands the fateful key  
Of that tempestuous hour's mystery,  
And with controlling wand our spirits spelled,  
With him to wander by a sun-bright shore,  
To hear fine, fairy voices, and to fly  
With disembodied Ariel once more  
Above earth's wrack and ruin ? Far and  
nigh  
The laughter of the thunder echoed loud,  
And harmless lightnings leapt from cloud to  
cloud.

*Emma Lazarus.*

## SYMPHONIC STUDIES.

(AFTER ROBERT SCHUMANN.)

## EPILOGUE.

FORTH in the sunlit, rain-bathed air we stepped,  
Sweet with the dripping grass and flowering  
vine,

And saw through irised clouds the pale sun  
shine.

Back o'er the hills the rain-mist slowly crept  
Like a transparent curtain's silvery sheen ;  
And fronting us the painted bow was arched,  
Whereunder the majestic cloud-shapes  
marched :

In the wet, yellow light the dazzling green  
Of lawn and bush and tree seemed stained with  
blue.

Our hearts o'erflowed with peace. With  
smiles we spake

Of partings in the past, of courage new,  
Of high achievement, of the dreams that  
make

A wonder and a glory of our days,  
And all life's music but a hymn of praise.

*Emma Lazarus.*



## DIVINA COMMEDIA.

WITH snow-white veil and garments as of flame,  
She stands before thee, who so long ago  
Filled thy young heart with passion and the  
    woe  
From which thy song and all its splendors  
    came ;  
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy  
    name,  
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow  
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.  
Thou makest full confession ; and a gleam,  
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,  
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase ;  
Lethe and Eunöe — the remembered dream  
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last  
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,  
What would befall these children? What  
would be  
Their fate, who now are looking up to me  
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I  
said,  
Would be a volume wherein I have read  
But the first chapters, and no longer see  
To read the rest of their dear history,  
So full of beauty and so full of dread.  
Be comforted; the world is very old,  
And generations pass, as they have passed,  
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;  
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;  
The world belongs to those who come the  
last,  
They will find hope and strength as we have  
done.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE TWO RIVERS.

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves  
round ;

So slowly that no human eye hath power  
To see it move ! Slowly in shine or shower  
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,  
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground ;  
Yet both arrive at last ; and in his tower  
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes  
the hour,

A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.  
Midnight ! the outpost of advancing day !  
The frontier town and citadel of night !  
The watershed of Time, from which the  
streams

Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,  
One to the land of promise and of light,  
One to the land of darkness and of dreams !

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE CROSS OF SNOW.

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face — the face of one long dead —  
Looks at me from the wall, where round its  
head  
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
Here in this room she died; and soul more white  
Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
To its repose ; nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedight.  
There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the chan-  
ging scenes  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## RECOMPENSE.

As some great tree that deeper, day by day,  
Takes root into the earth — some hardy oak  
That firmer stands for every tempest stroke,  
And grapples with huge rocks which bar its  
way —

Doth push abroad, into the winds that sway,  
New branches and new buds, which suns pro-  
voke

To leaves of living green, until they cloak  
Its trunk in beauty, and new strength display,  
So does the human soul, when torn with grief,  
Grow stronger for the trial and the pain,  
Reach out for truths that know not time nor  
change,

And hold them fast until they bring relief,  
While hope and gladness blossom out again  
In beauty new and wonderful and strange.

*William Sinclair Lord.*

## TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS.

GREAT soul, thou sittest with me in my room,  
Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes,  
On whose full orbs, with kindly lustre, lies  
The twilight warmth of ruddy ember gloom :  
Thy clear, soft tones will oft bring sudden  
    bloom

Of hope secure, to him who lonely cries,  
Wrestling with the young poet's agonies,  
Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain doom :  
Yes ! the few words which, like great thunder-  
    drops,

Thy large heart down to earth shook doubt-  
    fully,

Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,  
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,  
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,  
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

*James Russell Lowell.*

## TO A FRIEND,

WHO GAVE ME A GROUP OF WEEDS AND GRASSES  
AFTER A DRAWING OF DÜRER.

TRUE as the sun's own work, but more refined,  
It tells of love behind the artist's eye,  
Of sweet companionships with earth and sky,  
And summers stored, the sunshine of the mind.  
What peace ! Sure, ere you breathe, the fickle  
wind

Will break its truce and bend that grass-plume  
high,

Scarcely yet quiet from the gilded fly  
That flits a more luxurious perch to find.  
Thanks for a pleasure that can never pall,  
A serene moment, deftly caught and kept  
To make immortal summer on my wall.  
Had he who drew such gladness ever wept ?  
Ask rather could he else have seen at all,  
Or grown in Nature's mysteries an adept ?

*James Russell Lowell.*

## THE MAPLE.

THE Maple puts her corals on in May,  
While loitering frosts about the lowlands cling,  
To be in tune with what the robins sing,  
Plastering new log-huts 'mid her branches gray;  
But when the Autumn southward turns away,  
Then in her veins burns most the blood of  
    Spring,  
And every leaf, intensely blossoming,  
Makes the year's sunset pale the set of day.  
O youth unprescient, were it only so  
With trees you plant, and in whose shade  
    reclined,  
Thinking their drifting blooms Fate's coldest  
    snow !  
You carve dear names upon the faithful rind,  
Nor in that vernal stem the cross foreknow  
That Age shall bear, silent, yet unresigned !

*James Russell Lowell.*



## TO A LADY PLAYING ON THE CITHERN.

So dreamy-soft the notes, so far away  
They seem to fall, the horns of Oberon  
Blow their faint Hunt's-up from the good time  
gone ;

Or, on a morning of long-withered May,  
Larks tinkle unseen o'er Claudian's arches  
gray,

That Romeward crawl from Dreamland ; and  
anon

My fancy flings her cloak of Darkness on,  
To vanish from the dungeon of To-day.  
In happier times and scenes I seem to be,  
And, as her fingers flutter o'er the strings,  
The days return when I was young as she,  
And my fledged thoughts began to feel their  
wings

With all Heaven's blue before them : Memory  
Or Music is it such enchantment sings ?

*James Russell Lowell.*

TO —.

I LOVE thee — not because thy love for me,  
Like a great sunrise, did o'ervault my day  
With purple light, and wrought upon my way  
The morning dew in fresh emblazonry ;  
Nor that thou seest all I fain would be  
And thus dost call me by mine angel's name,  
While still my woman's heart beats free of  
blame

Beneath the shelter of thy charity.  
Oh ! no, for wearily upon my soul  
Would weigh thy golden crown of unbought  
praise,

Did I not look beyond the hour's control,  
To where those fruits of perfect virtue raise  
Their bloom, that thou ere-while with prophet  
eyes

Didst name mine own, in groves of paradise.

*Maria (White) Lowell.*

TO —.

I LOVE thee for thyself, — thyself alone ;  
For that great soul, whose breath most full and  
rare

Shall to Humanity a message bear,  
Flooding their dreary waste with organ tone ;  
The Truth that in thine eyes holds starry throne  
And coins the words that issue from thy lips,  
Heroic courage that meets no eclipse,  
And humbler virtues on thy pathway strewn, —  
These love I so, that if they swift uprise  
To sure fulfilment in more perfect spheres,  
Still will I listen underneath the skies  
For thy new song, with seldom dropping tears,  
And midst my daily tasks of love will wait  
The angel Death — Guardian of Heaven's gate.

*Maria (White) Lowell.*

## THE HAUNTS OF THE HALCYON.

To stand within a gently gliding boat,  
    Urged by a noiseless paddle at the stern,  
    Whipping the crystal mirror of the fern  
In fairy bays where water-lilies float ;  
To hear your reel's whirr echoed by the throat  
    Of a wild mocking-bird, or round some turn  
    To chance upon a wood-duck's brood that  
        churn  
Swift passage toward their mother's warning  
    note :—  
This is to rule a realm that nevermore  
    May aught but restful weariness invade ;  
This is to live again the old days o'er,  
    When nymph and dryad haunted stream and  
        glade ;  
To dream sweet, idle dreams of having strayed  
    To Arcady, with all its golden lore.

*Charles Henry Lüders.*

## MILTON.

WIDEST, to him whose noblest life has sought  
Life's noblest aim, long ere its shadows close,  
Unfolds the golden gate ; the stream outflows  
Whence the free spirit drinks divinest thought.  
Then, visions from the Empyrean caught  
Imbue the waiting soul ; the bridal rose  
Of Sharon blended with the lily glows,  
For him in one immortal chaplet wrought ;  
Deeper and holier than the hope of youth  
The heart's high trust, as mortal ties decay ;  
Too oft, our broken manhood tears of ruth  
Demands ; at morn, we know not of the day ;  
Fair holds its promise, when, redeemed like  
truth,  
Clear evening melts in depths of heaven away.

*George Lunt.*

## IN ECCLESIA.

IN some great silent church I love to sit  
Before the little flock is gathered in,  
Before the choristers their chants begin,  
Or yet the white-robed priest has entered it ;  
Where Peace — a hovering angel — seems to  
flit,

Beyond the turmoil of the world's tired din,  
Beyond the sight of worldliness and sin,  
And Silence breathes its music exquisite.  
Here Meditation finds its purest place,  
And Sorrow lingers, feeling comfort sure,  
And even Pleasure pauses to win grace  
From these delightful courts and pavements  
pure.

So in the silent church I love to wait,  
Remembering this, Heaven opens here its gate.

*Adeline Treadwell (Parsons) Lunt.*

## THE SUCCESSION.

As one by one the singers of our land,  
Summoned away by death's unfailing dart,  
Unto the greater mystery depart,  
Sadly we watch them from the desolate strand.  
Oh ! who shall fill their places in the band  
Of tuneful voices ? Who with equal art  
Speak the unwritten language of the heart,  
And the mute signs of Nature understand ?

Yet poetry from earth has never ceased ;  
It is a fire perpetual, which has caught  
Its flame from off the altar-place of Heaven.  
Never has failed, in darkest days, a priest  
Who, by no price of gain or glory bought,  
For his soul's peace his life to song has given.

*Frances Laughton Mace.*

## THY SONG.

ASK me not which of all my songs is thine !  
Ask of the Spring, when first the blossoms stir,  
Which of their fairy pennons waves for her ;  
Ask of the Night what star of all that shine  
Is her own signet, peerless and divine ;  
Ask of the Sun which purple follower  
Among the clouds is his sole worshipper,  
Lifting at dawn his colors and his sign.

As stars are born of night, as flowers of spring,  
As clouds the vivid hues of sunlight wear,  
And all an equal rank and kinship know,  
So is thy memory the awakening,  
The living warmth, the radiance large and fair  
In which all songs of mine to utterance grow.

*Frances Laughton Mace.*



## THE LAST FURROW.

THE Spirit of Earth, with glad restoring hands,  
Mid ruin moves, in glimmering chasm gropes,  
And mosses mantle and the bright flower opes;  
But Death the Plowman wanders in all lands,  
And to the last of Earth his furrow stands :  
The grave is never hidden ; fearful hopes  
Follow the dead upon the fading slopes,  
And there wild memories meet upon the sands.

When willows fling their banners to the plain,  
When rumor of wind and sound of sudden  
showers

Disturb the dream of winter — all in vain  
The grasses hurry to the graves, the flowers  
Toss their wild torches on their windy towers ;  
Yet are the bleak graves lonely in the rain.

*Charles Edwin Markham.*

## AFTER READING SHAKSPEARE.

BLITHE Fancy lightly builds with airy hands  
Or on the edges of the darkness peers,  
Breathless and frightened at the voice she  
hears :

Imagination (lo ! the sky expands)  
Travels the blue arch and Cimmerian sands, —  
Homeless on earth, the pilgrim of the spheres,  
The rush of light before the hurrying years,  
The Voice that cries in unfamiliar lands.

Men weigh the moons that flood with eerie  
light

The dusky vales of Saturn — wood and  
stream ;

But who shall follow on the awful sweep  
Of Neptune thro' the dim and dreadful deep ?  
Onward he wanders in the unknown night,  
And we are shadows moving in a dream.

*Charles Edwin Markham.*

## THE CRICKET.

THE twilight is the morning of his day.

While Sleep drops seaward from the fading  
shore,

With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,

He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,

Until the dark east softens into gray.

Now as the noisy hours are coming — hark !

His song dies gently — it is getting dark —

His night with its one star is on the way.

Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats —

Sleep, little brother, sleep : I am astir.

Lead thou the starlit nights with shrilly notes,

And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme :

We worship Song, and servants are of her —

I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time.

*Charles Edwin Markham.*

## SEWING THE SHROUD.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

MEEKLY o'er silks and satins chained and bent,  
They stitch for the lady, tyrannous and  
proud —

For her a wedding-gown, for them a shroud :  
They mend and mend, but never mend the rent  
Torn in Life's golden curtains. Glad Youth went,  
And left them alone with Time : if blind and  
bowed

With burdens, they should sob and cry aloud,  
Wondering the rich would look from their content.

Lo ! all this glimmering life at last recedes,  
In unknown, endless depths beyond recall ;  
And here at the end of ages is this all —  
Is this the flower of all our cults and creeds :  
A white face floating in the whirling ball ;  
A dead face plashing in the river reeds ?

*Charles Edwin Markham.*

## THE PINES' THOUGHT.

WITHIN the shadow of ourselves we stand,  
And see a thousand brilliancies unfold  
Where autumn woods, in gorgeous rain, hold  
One late, last revel. Upon every hand  
Riot of color, death in pomp and state,  
Decay magnificent, inconstant blaze, —  
We have no part or splendor in these days.  
They shall be changed, — we are inviolate ;  
Their voices shall be hushed on every hill,  
Their lights be quenched — all color fade  
and die,  
And when they stand like spectres gaunt and  
still,  
With naked boughs against the far, cold sky,  
Lo ! we shall hide the flying moon from sight,  
And lead the wind on many a roaring night.

*Juliet C. Marsh.*

## ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ALL else lies far beneath me, or above,  
And I, between two worlds, uncertain stand ;  
With eyes uplifted to a vision grand,  
Yet without power to soar or upward move.  
The steps to heaven are builded of our love,  
And mine, alas, so timid on the land  
Could never find the way without His hand.  
Naught have I in my heart by which to prove  
My right to something I've not found below —  
Except this constant, strong desire to rise ;  
It seems so strange the higher up we go —  
The farther from earth's sinful, suffering  
cries,  
That our unworthiness should haunt us so,  
And wreck us at the gate of Paradise.

*Mary Augusta Mason.*

## MEMENTO MORI.

Look, soul, how swiftly all things onward tend !

Such universal haste betokens need

In Destiny's design of pressing speed.

Speed thou, stay not until thou reach the end !

Upon the haste of Time there may depend

Some far-off good. Thou child of Time,  
give heed

That with a willing heart and ready deed

To Time's great haste thy dole of speed thou  
lend !

Though beauteous scenes thy onward steps would  
stay,

Press forward toward the Goal that beckons  
thee —

The unimagined possibility

Of all the mighty future to assay !

And when thou drawest near thy hour to die,

Rejoice that one accomplishment is nigh.

*George McKnight.*

## THE BIRTH OF SORROW.

WHEN Sorrow first appeared in Heaven of yore,  
The angels, by the voice of Fame beguiled,  
Believed he sprang from God's unreconciled  
Resentment towards some wrong that vexed  
Him sore.

But strange it seemed — they marvelled more  
and more —

That one of mien so meek, and look so mild,  
Should be of such stern parentage the child ;  
Till heavenly Truth her tidings to them bore :  
"This beauteous stranger seraph whom ye see,  
Is offspring of that Hierarch benign  
Who reconciles in unison divine  
The perfect peace of present Deity  
And strifes through which Creation's work  
goes on, —

Of God's great Patience ye behold the son."

*George McKnight.*



## PARTIAL READINGS.

THOUGH the great Scroll wherein have been  
outlined

By Nature thoughts of God, deep and im-  
mense,

We cannot read, yet gleams of meaning  
thence

At times shine on us, clear, distinct, defined.

Hence comes assurance that the human mind,

Though weak in reason and obtuse in sense,

Still owns a share in that intelligence

Whereby the great World-builder has designed

The wondrous plans which Nature's works dis-  
close.

A child who scans the philosophic page

Of some profoundly meditative sage

May see familiar phrases, — then he knows

That his own simple thoughts and childish  
lore

Are part of the great scholar's mental store.

*George McKnight.*

## DECORATION DAY.

WITH acclamation and with trumpet tone,  
With prayer and praise, and with triumphal  
state  
Of warlike columns, and the moving weight  
Of men, whose firmness, never overthrown,  
Proved itself steadfast ; which did add to fate  
Speed, vision, certainty, and ever grown  
More terrible as more enduring shone  
A fire of retribution and swift hate,  
All visibly advancing — with these we keep  
Unsullied in our breast and pure and white  
The spirit of gratitude that may not sleep, —  
A nation's safeguard against shame and blight, —  
Since sacred memories and the tears men  
weep  
Alone can keep a nation at its height.

*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.*

## WITH A COPY OF SHELLEY.

BEHOLD, I send thee to the heights of song,  
My brother ! Let thine eyes awake as clear  
As morning dew, within whose glowing sphere  
Is mirrored half a world ; and listen long,  
Till in thine ears, famished to keenness, throng  
The bugles of the soul, till far and near  
Silence grows populous, and wind and mere  
Are phantom-choked with voices. Then be  
strong —

Then halt not till thou seest the beacons flare  
Souls mad for truth have lit from peak to  
peak.

Haste on to breathe the intoxicating air —  
Wine to the brave and poison to the weak —  
Far in the blue where angels' feet have trod,  
Where earth is one with heaven and man  
with God.

*Harriet Monroe.*

## SNOW SONNET.

O SPOTLESS guest of winter, from what deep  
Of purity dost thou thy mantle bring?  
Broad is thy mission, for thy snowy wing  
Above all nature folds ; thy white hands sweep  
In equal benison o'er all ; they heap  
Both hill and hollow ; o'er the woodland fling  
New foliage, delicate and light ; till spring  
They cheer the garden where the roses sleep.  
Before thy coming earth seemed dark with flaws,  
But now thy generous kindness maketh rare  
The beautiful, and over blackness draws  
Its own perfection, till all earth is fair.  
O teacher fair ! so hast thou shown to me  
The beauty and the grace of charity.

*Jessie (Goodwin) Moore.*

## BROOK SONG.

A MELLOW lullaby the waters sound,  
Of lively Shenandoah, Indian stream.  
Oft do I lie upon the banks and dream  
Myself away to some enchanted ground.

And many a bright day have I looked around —  
Hearing a low, sweet, gurgling melody  
That rose upon the ear harmoniously —  
Thinking perhaps to see the face embrowned,

Dark eyes, and unlooped hair, and features wild,  
Of some fair Indian mother singing low  
A cradle-song beside her sleeping child,  
Rocking her slender body to and fro, —

While in the leafy copse hard by, alone,  
Stood her brown hut of bark, its warrior gone.

*James Herbert Morse.*

## THE CUP OF DEATH.

FOR A PICTURE BY ELIHU VEDDER.

SHE bends her lovely head to taste thy draught,  
O thou stern Angel of the Darker Cup,  
With thee to-night in the dim shades to sup,  
Where all they be who from that cup have  
quaffed.

She had been glad in her own loveliness, and  
laughed

At Life's strong enemies who lie in wait,  
Had kept with golden youth her queenly  
state,

All unafraid of Sorrow's threat'ning shaft.

Then human Grief found out her human heart,  
And she was fain to go where pain is dumb ;  
So Thou wert welcome, Angel dread to see,  
And she fares onward with thee, willingly,  
To dwell where no man loves, no lovers part, —  
Thus Grief that is makes welcome Death to  
come.

*Louise (Chandler) Moulton.*

## HIC JACET.

So Love is dead that has been quick so long !  
Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,  
With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,  
And leave him there, their pleasant scents  
among ;

And chant a sweet and melancholy song  
About the charms whereof he was possessed,  
And how of all things he was loveliest,  
And to compare with aught were him to wrong.

Leave him, beneath the still and solemn stars,  
That gather and look down from their far  
place,  
With their long calm our brief woes to  
deride,

Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars  
And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his  
face ;—  
And yet, had Love been Love, he had not  
died.

*Louise (Chandler) Moulton.*

## A PARABLE.

I LONGED for rest and some one spoke me fair,  
And proffered goodly rooms wherein to dwell,  
Hung round with tapestries, and garnished  
    well,  
That I might take mine ease and pleasure there ;  
And there I sought a refuge from despair,  
    A joy that should my life's long gloom dispel ;  
    But ominously through those halls there fell  
Strange sounds, as of old music in the air.

As day went down, the music grew apace,  
And in the moonlight saw I, white and cold,  
A presence radiant in the radiant space,  
    With smiling lips that never had grown old ;  
    And then I knew the secret none had told,  
And shivered there, an alien in that place.

*Louise (Chandler) Moulton.*



## ROBERT BROWNING :

## THE POET OF HUMAN LIFE.

SILENCE and Night sequestered thee in vain !  
Oblivion's threats thou proudly couldst defy.  
Thou art not dead — supreme souls do not  
die :

One small world's range no longer could constrain

That strong-winged spirit of its freedom fain —  
New stars, new lives thy fearless quest would  
try :

Our baffled vision may not soar so high —  
We mourn as loss thine infinite, great gain.

Yet keen of sight, to whom men's souls lay  
bare,  
Stripped clean of shams, unclothed of all disguise,

Revealed to thee, as if at each soul's birth  
Thou hadst been nigh to stamp it foul or fair —  
Why shouldst thou seek new schools to make  
thee wise,

Heir of heaven's secrets even while on  
earth !

*Louise (Chandler) Moulton.*

## A SUMMER TEMPEST.

ALONG the hills the breathless forests dream,  
Unvisited, and in the yellow light  
The grass grows golden, and the birches white  
Print their pale shadows in the darken'd stream,  
Each twig distinct imprest ; no warblers seem  
To stir the stagnant air, no wing takes flight ;  
Athwart the west, in sombre purple dight,  
The silver, silent lightnings sharply gleam.  
Anon a spreading gloom creeps up the sky,  
The Tempest drapes the azure dome in black,  
Rolls up the rain, the whirlwind, and the rack,  
And thunders in the roaring torrent by ;  
And every jewelled spray, afar and nigh,  
Sparkles and glitters in its dewy track.

*James Ernest Nesmith.*

## BEETHOVEN.

MOST intellectual master of the art,  
Which, best of all, teaches the mind of man  
The universe in all its varied plan —  
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains  
impart !

Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,  
There the rich bass the Reason's balance shows ;  
Here breathes the softest sigh that Love e'er  
knows ;

There sudden fancies, seeming without chart,  
Float into wildest breezy interludes ;  
The past is all forgot — hopes sweetly breathe,  
And our whole being glows — when lo ! beneath  
The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes !

Startled, we strive to free us from the chain,  
Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine  
again !

*Sarah Margaret (Fuller) Ossoli.*

## THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
To call thy brethren forth from want and  
          woe !—

Thee would I sing. Thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.  
Yes, thou art still the life ; thou art the way  
The holiest know,—light, life and way of  
          heaven ;

And they who dearest hope and deepest pray  
Toil by the truth, life, way, that thou hast  
          given ;

And in thy name aspiring mortals trust  
To uplift their bleeding brothers from the dust.

*Theodore Parker.*

## ACROSTIC SONNET.

EARTH holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,  
Maid of the laughing lip and frolic eye !  
Innocence sits upon thy open brow  
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.  
If ever beauty stole the heart away,  
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile ;  
Moments would seem by thee a summer day,  
And all around thee an Elysian isle.  
Roses are nothing to the maiden blush  
Sent o'er thy cheeks' soft ivory, and night  
Has naught so dazzling in its world of light,  
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.  
Love lurks amid thy silken curls, and lies  
Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

*James Gates Percival.*

## LOVE'S MEANING.

I THOUGHT it meant all glad ecstatic things,  
Fond glance and touch and speech, quick  
blood and brain,  
And strong desire, and keen, delicious pain,  
And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings  
'Twixt hope and fear, like to the little stings  
The rose-thorn gives, and then the utter  
gain —  
Worth all my sorest striving to attain —  
Of the dear bliss long-sought possession gives.

Now with a sad, clear sight that reassures  
My often sinking soul, with longing eyes  
Averted from the path that still allures,  
Lest, seeing that for which my sore heart  
sighs,  
I seek my own good at the cost of yours, —  
I know at last that love means sacrifice.

*Carlotta Perry.*

## ETERNAL.

LOVE is eternal, so the strong souls say,  
But seeing how hard life doth give the lie  
Unto the mighty words, with sneer or sigh,  
The weaker ones cry out in sad dismay  
That love is changeful as an April day,  
Holding within itself no strength whereby  
It can the subtle shafts of time defy.  
And in the heart of man abide alway.

Not every heart is great enough to hold  
A great immortal tenant. Love hath fled  
Always from natures narrow, weak and cold.  
Know, when by scornful lips you hear it said  
That Love is traitor, that the truth is told  
Not of dear Love, but of that soul instead.

*Carlotta Perry.*

"I WILL NOT WISH ALL GRIEF AND LOSS  
AND FEARS."

I WILL not wish all grief and loss and fears  
Should leave my life and let my heart go free ;  
For then true love could never come to me, —  
That deepest love that has its birth in tears,  
And never unto laughing eyes appears,  
But only rises from grief's boundless sea,  
As, where black night and ocean blended be,  
Sudden the moon its tranquil splendor rears.

Though rough the waters, golden is the way  
That guides to it my weary heart and eyes ;  
And a soft whisper through the night wind  
sighs,  
" They know me not who see me but by day ;  
Love's moon shines brightest from the darkest  
skies ;  
Its golden path across grief's ocean lies ! "

*Lillah (Cabot) Perry.*



## SWITZERLAND.

WHERE snowy peaks on peaks reach to the sky,  
And giant solitudes stretch far around,  
Where undulating whiteness on the ground  
And clouds scarce whiter far above me lie,  
What is it that so lifts my soul on high ?  
While all is silence but for the faint sound  
Of mountain torrents in yon chasm profound  
That seek the ocean, though they know not  
why.

Great Life above us all, does my soul seek  
Thee, as the unconscious torrent seeks the sea ?  
Is it Thy greatness that I feel in me,  
This sense of life and beauty, that doth speak  
To every fibre of my bounding heart,  
That leaps to know *Thee whole*, myself a part ?

*Lillah (Cabot) Perry.*

ON MILLET'S PICTURE OF TWO WOMEN  
SEWING BY LAMPLIGHT.

YE silent toilers, lift your weary eyes,  
And loose your unaccustomed tongues, and tell  
What thoughts within your brooding memories  
    dwell,

Whence the sad patience on your lips that lies,  
Speaking of constant toil and mysteries  
Of simple nature ye alone know well,  
Whose days flow on with the monotonous swell  
Of laboring ocean 'neath dark, quiet skies.

Does love light up for you all common things,  
As this one lamp with its untiring beams  
Weaves for the homely room a crown of light,  
And o'er its poverty soft beauty flings ?  
Do little flaxen heads, deep sunk in dreams  
Behind the curtains there, make sweet the  
    night ?

•  
*Lillah (Cabot) Perry.*

## MY SHADOW'S STATURE.

WHENE'ER, in morning airs, I walk abroad,  
Breasting upon the hills the buoyant wind,  
Up from the vale my shadow climbs behind,  
An earth-born giant climbing towards his god ;  
Against the sun, on heights before untrod,  
I stand : faint glorified, but undefined,  
Far down the slope in misty meadows blind,  
I see my ghostly follower slowly plod.  
" O stature of my shade," I muse and sigh,  
" How great art thou, how small am I the  
while ! "

Then the vague giant blandly answers, " True,  
But though thou art small thy head is in the  
sky,  
Crown'd with the sun and all the Heaven's  
smile —

My head is in the shade and valley too."

*John James Piatt.*

## A BOOK OF GOLD.

IF I could write a book made sweet with thee  
(Oh, therefore sweet with all that may be  
sweet !)

With lingering music, nevermore complete,  
Should turn its golden pages : each should be  
Like whispering voice, or beckoning hand ; and  
he

Who read should follow (while his heart would  
beat

For some new miracle), with most eager feet,  
Through sacred labyrinths of mystery.  
Temple and lighted home of love should seem  
The Book wherein my love remembered thine.  
These holiest visions evermore should gleam,  
Vanishing wings, with wandering souls of  
sound,

And breaths of incense from an inmost shrine,  
Sought nearer evermore, and never found.

*John James Piatt.*

## THE YOUNG STATE.

FAR off a young State rises, full of might ;  
I paint its brave escutcheon. Near at hand  
See the log cabin in the rough clearing stand ;  
A woman by its door, with steadfast sight,  
Trustful, looks westward, where, uplifted  
    bright,  
Some city's apparition, weird and grand,  
In dazzling quiet fronts the lonely land,  
With vast and marvelous structures wrought of  
    light,  
Motionless on the burning cloud afar :  
The haunting vision of a time to be,  
After the heroic age is ended here,  
Built on the boundless, still horizon bar  
By the low sun, his gorgeous prophecy  
Lighting the doorway of the pioneer.

*John James Piatt.*

## TO THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

BRIGHT, transient flower, that studious shunn'st  
the eye

Of Phœbus, waiting only to display

Thy glories to the moon's cold, watery ray,

And yield thy fragrance to the desert sky —

Mysterious Flower ! alas ! shall we descry

No trace of what thou wast, the coming  
day —

Odorous no more, and fallen to decay !

Ah ! who has not seen, and heaved a rending  
sigh —

Who has not seen, nurtur'd like thee in shade,

Fragrant as morn, and bursting on the sight,

With radiant beauty crown'd, the blushing  
maid ;

Then, withering in the blast, quick sink in  
night ?

Both bloom'd and perish'd : while to that 't is  
given

Ne'er to revive — lo ! this ascends to Heaven.

*Henry Pickering.*

## SILENCE.

△ THERE are some qualities — some incorporate  
things,

That have a double life, which thus is made  
A type of that twin entity which springs  
From matter and light, evinced in solid and  
shade.

There is a two-fold *Silence* — sea and shore —  
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,  
Newly with grass o'ergrown ; some solemn  
graces,

Some human memories and tearful lore,  
Render him terrorless : his name 's " No More."

△ He is the corporate Silence : dread him not !

No power hath he of evil in himself ;  
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot !)

Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,  
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod  
No foot of man), commend thyself to God !

*Edgar Allan Poe.*

## TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE ! true daughter of Old Time thou art !

Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,

Vulture, whose wings are dull realities ?

How should he love thee ? or how deem thee  
wise,

Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,

Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing ?

Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car ?

And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star ?

Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree ?

*Edgar Allan Poe.*



## AT ST. OSWALD'S.

WITHIN the church I knelt, where many a year  
Wordsworth had worshipped, while his  
    musing eye  
Wandered o'er mountain, fell, and scaur, and  
    sky,  
That rimmed the silver circle of Grasmere,  
Whose crystal held an under-world as clear  
    As that which girt it round ; and questioned  
    why  
The place was sacred for *his* lifted sigh,  
More than the humble dalesman's kneeling near. .

Strange spell of Genius !—that can melt the  
    soul  
To reverence tenderer than o'er it falls  
    Beneath the marvellous heavens which  
    God hath made,  
And sway it with such human-sweet control  
That holier henceforth seem these simple walls,  
    Because within them once a poet prayed !

*Margaret Junkin Preston.*

## FLOOD-TIDE.

To every artist, howsoe'er his thought  
Unfolds itself before the eyes of men, —  
Whether through sculptor's chisel, poet's  
pen,  
Or painter's wondrous brush, — there comes,  
full fraught  
With instant revelation, lightning-wrought,  
A moment of supremest heart-swell, when  
The mind leaps to the tidal crest, and then  
Sweeps on triumphant to the harbor sought.

Wait, eager spirit, till the topping waves  
Shall roll their gathering strength in one,  
and lift  
From out the swamping trough thy galleon  
free ;  
Mount with the whirl, command the rush that  
raves  
A maelstrom round ; then proudly shoreward  
drift,  
Rich-freighted as an Indian argosy.

*Margaret Junkin Preston.*

## DAFFODILS.

FATHERED by March, the daffodils are here.

First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,  
And once a thrush from out some hollow  
gray

On a field's edge, where whitening stalks  
made cheer,

Fluted the last unto the budding year ;

Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard  
spray

Plum bloom and peach bloom down the drip-  
ping way,

Their punctual gold through the wet blades  
they rear.

Oh, fleet and sweet ! A light to all that pass

Below, in the cramped yard, close to the  
street,

Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings  
bare,

The whole of April in a tuft of grass.

Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and  
fleet ! —

Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

## "I, WHO AM YOUNG."

I, WHO am young, let me not crave too much  
The burden of content, not too much strain  
The shining mirage of Desire to touch :  
Fruition's rest is full of nameless pain.  
And yet, O End ! O Rest ! if there be such  
In all the world, — come in the mighty reign  
Of autumn on this silent inland plain,  
Come to a spirit toiling over much.  
I, who am old, let not my heart annul,  
By futile hope, the gain of suffering years,  
Nor make the fine gold of their wisdom dull  
With youth's sweet passion of unfruitful tears :  
And yet, in this fair spring, with Nature's  
tongue,  
I cry aloud, — Would God I too were young !

*Anna Matlack Richards.*

## THE WHIPPOORWILL.

SWEET bird of twilight's hour ! when all is still,  
And cool gray shadows close the scene of song,  
Then to the full round moon, all clear and  
strong,

Thou soundest out thy lay beside some rill  
Where Nature, thousand-tongued, all day did  
thrill

June with her rosy bowers, which now belong  
To thee ! where to the many-twinkling stars  
thou long

Hast all thy inmost soul-life piped, until,  
Enraptured, even Melancholy to thee yields  
Her cypress crown, that shadows all the plains.  
Sing on, O bird of eve ! Let hills and streams  
Where Silence rests on the dew-jewelled fields  
List long unto thy sweet, mellifluous strains,  
While in the west pale Evening sits and dreams.

*James Riley.*

## TIME.

WAIT for the morning ! Ah ! we wait indeed  
For daylight, we who toss about through  
stress

Of vacant-armed desires and emptiness  
Of all the warm, warm touches that we need,  
And the warm kisses upon which we feed

Our famished lips in fancy ! May God bless  
The starved lips of us with but one caress  
Warm as the yearning blood our poor hearts  
bleed !

. . . A wild prayer ! — bite thy pillow, praying  
so —

Toss this side, and whirl that, and moan for  
dawn ;  
Let the clock's signals dribble out their woe,  
And Time be drained of sorrow ! Long ago  
We heard the crowing cock, with answer  
drawn,  
As hoarsely sad at throat as sobs. . . . Pray  
on !

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again ! A thousand  
ways

I fashion, to myself, the tenderness

Of my glad welcome : I shall tremble — yes ;

And touch her as when first in the old days

I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise

Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet  
distress.

Then silence, and the perfume of her dress :

The room will sway a little, and a haze

Cloy eyesight — soulsight, even — for a space :

And tears — yes ; and the ache here in the  
throat,

To know that I so ill deserve the place

Her arms make for me ; and the sobbing note

I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face

Again is hidden in the old embrace.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## IN FAREWELL.

I MET thee, dear, and loved thee — yet we part,  
Thou on thine unknown way and I on mine,  
Ere yet the music of my woman's heart  
Has had full time to harmonize with thine.  
Yet since the strain begun has seemed so sweet,  
Forgive me if I dare to proffer thee  
This echo from the depths where all complete  
Trembles the soul's perfected melody.  
Jewels I have not, else for memory  
Would I bestow them on the friend I love,  
But tears and smiles, and the sweet thoughts  
that move  
The heart by day and night, such, such to thee  
I give in these poor lines as lavishly  
As summer winds yield fragrance when they  
blow  
Up from a vale where countless roses grow.

*Anna Katherine (Green) Rohlf.*



## EXPERIENCE.

A CHILD laid in the grave ere it had known  
Earth held delight beyond its mother's kiss ; —  
A fair girl passing from a world like this  
Into God's vast eternity, alone ; —  
A brave man's soul in one brief instant thrown  
To deepest agony from highest bliss ; —  
A woman steeling her young heart to miss  
All joys in life, one dear one having flown ; —  
These have I seen ; yet happier these, I said,  
Than one who, by experience made strong,  
Learning to live without the precious dead,  
Survive despair, outlive remorse and wrong,  
Can say when new grief comes, with unbowed  
head,  
" Let me not mourn ! I shall forget ere long ! "

*Alice Marland (Wellington) Rollins.*

## THOUGHT.

A PALACE richly furnished is the mind,  
In whose fair chambers we may walk at will ;  
And in its cloistered calm, serene and still,  
Continual delight and comfort find.  
Not only fretful cares we leave behind,  
But restless happiness, and hopes that fill  
The eager soul with too much light, until  
Eyes dazzled see less wisely than the blind.  
So perfect is the joy we find therein,  
No pleasures of the outer world compare  
With the divine repose so gladly sought ;  
When from the wearying world we turn to win  
High mental solitude, and cherish there  
Silent companionship with lofty thought.

*Alice Marland (Wellington) Rollins.*

## THE FLIGHT OF JOY.

As sometimes, in the very heart of June,  
Which still remembers all the buds of May,  
And half foresees the autumn's rich display,  
And all the splendor of the harvest moon :  
As if November had returned too soon,  
Cold winds blow, and the sky is chill and gray,  
And all is dreary that but now seemed gay,  
And Nature with herself seems out of tune, —  
So, in the early summer of my life,  
Instead of happy strength and strenuous play,  
Eld's cares have come, long wearied of the  
                  strife

That youth delights in ; and my summer day  
Is darkened as by Death's impending knife,  
And I would die, for joy is far away.

*Henry Shelton Sanford, Jr.*

## INFIDELITY.

Who is the infidel, but he who fears  
To face the utmost truth, whate'er it be ?  
Dreads God the light ? and is his majesty  
A shadow that in sunshine disappears ?  
Or leads he in the swift-ascending years  
Into a light where men may plainer see ?  
He trusts him best, to whom the mystery  
Hides nothing dangerous ; who ever hears,  
With faith unshaken, his new uttered voice,  
And knows it cannot contradict the truth  
It in the old time spoke. Whate'er it saith,  
He fears not then, but bids his heart rejoice,  
In old age trustful as he was in youth.  
This only, though called infidel, is faith.

*Minot Judson Savage.*

## PARTING.

"So far — so far !" Nay, Sweet ! nor distant  
lands,

Nor breadth of waters can avail to bar  
My love from thee. Alas ! 't is ever far,  
To yearning hearts, the smallest space that  
stands

Beyond the compass of out-stretching hands ;  
And never near, how close soe'er to each  
True lovers be, if kisses may not reach  
Across the distance. Since harsh Fate com-  
mands,

Darling ! farewell ! With tearful eyes I go,  
Unknowing when the glad return shall be ;  
But I will think, to mitigate my woe,  
How loving souls of time and tide are free ;  
And oft to greet thee, dearest ! mine, I know,  
Exulting will o'erleap the sundering sea !

*John Godfrey Saxe.*

## THE INVISIBLE LAND.

THERE was a land that lay beyond my sight  
For which I vainly searched the great earth  
through.

Thither, right often, my companions flew  
At day-break, or at noontide, or at night,  
And never came again. I took my flight,  
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew  
No nearer where that mighty retinue  
Had fled into the stately fields of light.  
But once, when evening her dusk sails had  
spread,

And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er  
My spirit, and in it I rising said,

“Now is the country mine, long sought be-  
fore !”

And one I heard lament that I was dead ;  
And lo ! the land stretched just beside my  
door !

*Andrew Rice Saxton.*

## THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

INTO the crystal chalice of the soul  
Is falling, drop by drop, Life's blending mead.  
The pleasant waters of our childhood speed  
And enter first ; and Love pours in its whole  
Deep flood of tenderness and gall. There roll  
The drops of sweet and bitter that proceed  
From wedded trustfulness, and hearts that  
bleed  
For children that outrun us to the goal.  
And later come the calmer joys of age —  
The restful streams of quietude that flow  
Around their fading lives, whose heritage  
Is whitened locks and voice serene and low.  
These added blessings round the vessel up —  
Death is the overflowing of the cup.

*Andrew Rice Saxton.*

## A PEARL.

ROUND as the roc's egg of the Arab tale,  
And flawless white as was that fabled sphere,  
I see it shine below my lady's ear,  
This prize-plucked bauble from an ocean vale.  
Was it where round Ceylon the swift ships sail,  
A daring diver clove, without a fear,  
Palm-shaded waves through fathoms emerald clear,  
And brought it forth 'mid strenuous shout and hail ?

Methinks from some far Eastern isle it came,  
Because it giveth to her tranquil face  
An Orient languor and a slumberous grace ;  
But where, O where, in lands without a name,  
Near what soft cheek's pure-glowing altar flame  
Could it have found so fair a resting place ?

*Clinton Scollard.*



## WHEAT.

BEHOLD a billowy sea of golden spears  
That to and fro in every breeze that blows  
Tosses its amber waves, and proudly shows  
Bright scarlet poppies when the warm wind  
veers.

Hearken, and lo ! there falls upon the ears  
A song as mellow as the one that rose  
From Boaz' fields at daytime's drowsy close  
And thrilled his heart in those dim Hebrew  
years.

And the swart mower, leaning on his scythe  
To catch the swelling music, clear and blithe,  
Thinks, as his eyes with love-light brim and  
glow,  
That she who sings, the while the bright beams  
fade,  
Is far diviner than the lovely maid  
Who gleaned in fields Judean long ago.

*Clinton Scollard.*

## THE ARCTIC CIRCE.

UNLIKE the soft enchantress known of yore  
To Grecian men who sailed the balmy brine —  
Dwelling in odorous gardens bowered with vine,  
Where amorous waves crept up the shining  
shore —

She rules an isle where sullen surges roar,  
Where stern, immaculate peaks rise, line on line,  
And lures her victims with cold eyes that shine  
'Neath pallid brows portentous evermore.  
Yet her far songs of fame have wrought such  
charms

That men, forgetful of fair life's eclipse,  
Brave those still realms whereto she challen-  
geth ;

But when they feel her cruel, clinging arms,  
The pressure of her stony, pulseless lips,  
They find her kisses ope the door of death !

*Clinton Scollard.*

## PERPETUITY.

I HEARD a sweet voice singing in the night  
A tender love-song written years ago,  
To ease a poet's heart of that deep woe  
Born of long absence from its dear delight ;  
And as the music like a bird took flight  
Across the shadowed world and vanished so,  
I thought of him who wrote it, — did he know  
How Time would keep his jewel-lyric bright?  
O Poet of to-day, whose heart would sing  
Some simple song of love, and sweet words  
give  
To mate the melody that thrills the lute, —  
Sing on, nor heed what lips are murmuring  
To scorn your art ; one perfect song shall live  
For love and you long after they are mute !

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## RE-AWAKENING.

WITHIN a spot where slept the silent dead,  
I wandered once when spring had kissed the  
earth,  
And set around its breast an emerald girth  
Of grass, entangling roses white and red ;  
Among the leafy branches overhead  
The mating robins twittered in their mirth, —  
All nature seemed rejoicing in new birth  
Beneath the canopy the blue skies spread :

And as I sat beside one mossy stone  
Kissed by a hundred suns of summer skies,  
A sudden joy came to my heart, alone  
Among those graves, to think the dead shall  
rise  
In God's eternal spring when sounds are blown  
On angels' instruments in Paradise !

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## TO A FACE AT A CONCERT.

WHEN the low music makes a dusk of sound  
About us, and the viol or far-off horn  
Swells out above it like a wind forlorn,  
That wanders seeking something never found,  
What phantom in your brain, on what dim  
ground,  
Traces its shadowy lines ? What vision, born  
Of unfulfillment, fades in mere self-scorn,  
Or grows, from that still twilight stealing  
round,  
When the lids droop and the hands lie unstrung ?  
Dare one divine your dream, while the chords  
weave  
Their cloudy woof from key to key, and die, —  
Is it one fate that, since the world was young,  
Has followed man, and makes him half be-  
lieve  
The voice of instruments a human cry ?

*Edward Rowland Sill.*

## SOLACE OF THE WOODS.

WOODS, waters, have a charm to soothe the ear,  
When common sounds have vexed it : when the  
day

Grows sultry, and the crowd is in thy way,  
And working in thy soul much coil and care,  
Betake thee to the forest : in the shade  
Of pines, and by the side of purling streams  
That prattle all their secrets in their dreams,  
Unconscious of a listener — unafraid —  
Thy soul shall feel their freshening, and the  
truth

Of nature then, reviving in thy heart,  
Shall bring thee the best feelings of thy youth,  
When in all natural joys thy joy had part,  
Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of trade  
Had turned thee to the thing thou wast not made.

*William Gilmore Simms.*

## TRUST.

WITHIN the slender chalice of thy hand  
"Hold fast what I give thee," and drop down,  
too,

The fringes of those tender flowers of blue,  
Thy wondering eyes ; nor question nor with-  
stand

What I may give. Perchance my love hath  
planned

Some sweet surprise, or test if thou be true.

What if it be a sprig of bitterest rue ;

A strange swift summons to an unknown land ;  
A hurting thorn ; a cross ? — rare gifts, I know,  
For love to bring ; but wouldst thou trust me  
still ?

Quick, dear, thine answer ! "I should trust un-  
til

The hidden meaning in thy gift should show."

Ah, sweet, when God sends just such gifts to  
thee,

Canst thou not answer Him as thou dost me ?

*May Riley Smith.*

## DEAR HANDS.

ROUGHENED and worn with ceaseless toil and  
care,

No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;  
They earned for whiter hands a jeweled ease,  
And kept the scars unlovely for their share.  
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear  
The whole world's burdens, but no power to  
seize

The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,  
The gold and gems that others find so fair.

Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,  
Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,  
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,

I see, through tears, your glory newly won,  
The golden circlet of life's work well done,  
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

*Susan Marr Spaulding.*



## HEPATICAS ON PALM-SUNDAY.

BRAVE little wilding, herald of the Spring !

First of the beauteous tribes that soon will  
troop

Singly, in pairs, or in a joyous group,  
O'er sunny slope or sheltered bank ; or cling,  
By their slight fibres, where the blue-bird's  
wing

Alone can visit them with graceful swoop !

The wise man pauses on his walk, to stoop  
Above your purple blossoms ; for you bring  
To his worn cheek a pleased and gentle smile ;

Still saying softly to himself, the while :  
How things most tender are the first to rise  
From wintry sleep ; thus taking by surprise

The sturdy oaks ! Hearts, too, shy without  
guile,

Wing, often, boldest flight towards pathless  
skies !

*Eliza Allen Starr.*

## THE SEA GULL.

BIRD of the sea ! where mighty frigates drown  
Nor leave a ripple, are thy pastimes made.  
Grave sports in vast aerial circles played  
From wave to cloud, from cloud to wave. No  
frown  
On sea or sky appalls thee ; and the down  
On thy white breast shows glistening, in the  
shade  
Of gathering tempests. There, with motion  
staid,  
I see thee, where the mid-sea surges crown  
The rocking billows of the awful deep,  
Cradled as peacefully as if asleep.  
Which, seeing, though with cheek, blanched,  
cold with fear,  
Sudden within me Hope's chilled pulses leap,  
Since He who fashioned thee with purpose clear,  
Our drifting ship, storm-tossed, can safe to har-  
bor steer.

*Eliza Allen Starr.*

## THE SWALLOW.

HAD I, my love declared, the tireless wing  
That wafts the swallow to her northern skies,  
I would not, sheer within the rich surprise  
Of full-blown Summer, like the swallow, fling  
My coyer being ; but would follow Spring,  
Melodious consort, as she daily flies,  
Apace with suns, that o'er new woodlands rise  
Each morn — with rains her gentler stages  
bring.

My pinions should beat music with her own ;  
Her smiles and odors should delight me  
ever,

Gliding, with measured progress, from the  
zone

Where golden seas receive the mighty  
river,

Unto yon lichened cliffs, whose ridges sever  
Our Norseland from the Arctic surge's moan.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

## WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

## AD VIGILEM.

WHAT seest thou, where the peaks about thee  
stand,

Far up the ridge that severs from our view  
That realm unvisited ? What prospect new  
Holds thy rapt eye ? What glories of the land,  
Which from loftier cliff thou now hast scanned,  
Upon thy visage set their lustrous hue ?

Speak, and interpret still, O Watchman true,  
The signals answering thy lifted hand !

And bide thee yet ! still linger, ere thy feet  
To sainted bards that beckon bear thee  
down —

Though lilies, asphodel, and spikenard sweet  
Await thy tread to blossom ; and the crown  
Long since is woven of Heaven's palm-leaves,  
meet

For him whom Earth can lend no more re-  
nown.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

## MURILLO.

MURILLO, gentle artist-saint of old,  
Whose native city gems the sunny land  
Where Moor and Christian fell by mutual hand !  
When first the scroll of fame for thee unrolled,  
The wandering beggars' lineaments were told ;  
Thine own cathedral splendors had been scanned  
And tinged with colors of that opal strand,  
Ere thou didst paint the vision gates of gold,  
Or saw the Lord, in holy Francis' shrine,  
With form supernal, bathed in heavenly love ;  
Or Hungary's saint, with gifts of healing-rest ;  
Or dreamed, with Anthony, of Christ divine,  
Robed in the effluence of the airs above,  
Where thy Madonnas bore the Infant blest !

*Julia Noyes Stickney.*

## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

ENGLAND, if Time from out the Book of Fame  
Should blot the desperate valor of thy men  
In the Crimea, an Englishwoman's name,  
As sweet as ever came from poets' pen,  
Would still defy him, — Florence Nightingale !  
Honor to that fair girl, whose pitying heart  
Led her across the sea, to ease the smart  
Of soldier wounds, and hush the soldier's wail.  
Men can be great when great occasions call :  
In little duties women find their spheres,  
The narrow cares that cluster round the hearth ;  
But this dear woman wipes a woman's tears,  
And wears the crown of womanhood for all.  
Happy the land that gave such goodness birth !

*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

## CLYTIE.

SWEET Clytie ! maiden most serene and fair !  
Thy marble life of silent loveliness  
Time from its cold and withering touch shall  
    spare,  
And ageless youth, eternal beauty, bless.  
Thy lowly drooping head, that seems to wear  
The melancholy grace of pensiveness,  
Thy mournful eyes, thy trembling lips, confess  
The soul which love and grief together share.  
O'er the full ripeness of maturity,  
The past and future, pausing, seem to brood, —  
Autumn and noon, in their high jubilee,  
To serious stillness ever are subdued ;  
And so a pensive shadow rests on thee,  
Fair, sweet, consummate flower of maidenhood !

*William Wetmore Story.*

“AFTER LONG DAYS OF DULL PER-  
PETUAL RAIN.”

AFTER long days of dull perpetual rain,  
And from gray skies, the sun at last shines  
    bright,  
And all the sparkling trees are glad with light,  
And all the happy world laughs out again ;  
The sorrow is forgotten, past the pain ;  
For nature has no memory, feels the blight  
Of no regret, nor mars the day's delight  
With idle fears and hopes and longings vain.

Ah me ! it is not so with us ; the ghost  
Of vanished joys pursues us everywhere ;  
We live as much in all that we have lost  
As what we own ; no present is so fair  
That the best moment's sunlight is not crossed  
By shadowy shapes of hope, and fear, and care.

*William Wetmore Story.*



## IN WINTER.

RUDE, keen, ah ! cruel sweeps the winter wind !  
No pity has it for these naked boughs.  
Look ! how round shrinking twigs it doth ca-  
rouse ;  
The while its echoes, bugle-shrill, are dinned  
Across the land, whose energies lie pinned  
Beneath its swoop, and which, with sleet-seamed  
brows,  
Unto the blast, like some bond-creature, bows,  
Or like a wretch who iterates, " I 've sinned ! "  
Yet desolation worse than winter's dearth  
O'erwhelms a soul that cowereth unto Fate,  
And will not eyes uplift, nor spurn the earth,  
Nor for the springtide with endurance wait,  
Nor disbelieve a lie that slays its mirth,  
But stands dumb, deaf and sightless nigh Love's  
gate !

*William Struthers.*

## NUBIA.

A LAND of Dreams and Sleep — a poppied  
land !

With skies of endless calm above her head,  
The drowsy warmth of summer noonday shed  
Upon her hills, and silence stern and grand  
Throughout her Desert's temple-burying sand.  
Before her threshold, in their ancient place,  
With closed lips, and fixed, majestic face,  
Noteless of Time, her dumb colossi stand.  
O, pass them not with light, irreverent tread ;  
Respect the dream that builds her fallen throne,  
And soothes her to oblivion of her woes.  
Hush ! for she does but sleep ; she is not dead :  
Action and Toil have made the world their own,  
But she has built an altar to Repose.

*Bayard Taylor.*

“THE SOUL GOES FORTH AND FINDS  
NO RESTING PLACE.”

THE soul goes forth and finds no resting place  
On the wide breast of Life's unquiet sea  
But in the heart of Man. The blazonry  
Of Wealth and Power fades out, and leaves no  
trace ;  
Renown's fresh laurels for a while may grace  
The brow that wears them, but the dazzling  
tree  
Has canker in its heart ; Philosophy  
Is not Content, and Art's immortal face  
Is trenched with weary furrows : but the  
heart  
Hoard in its cells the satisfying dew  
Which all our thirst is powerless to exhaust.  
Let Life's uncertain dignities depart,  
And if one single manly heart be true,  
My own, contented, counts them cheaply lost.

*Bayard Taylor.*

“AS HAPPY DWELLERS BY THE SEA-  
SIDE HEAR.”

As happy dwellers by the sea-side hear  
In every pause the sea's mysterious sound,  
The infinite murmur, solemn and profound,  
Incessant, filling all the atmosphere,  
Even so I hear you, for you do surround  
My newly-waking life, and break for aye  
About the viewless shores, till they resound  
With echoes of God's greatness night and day.  
Refreshed and glad I feel the full flood-tide  
Fill every inlet of my waiting soul,  
Long-striving, eager hope, beyond control,  
For help and strength at last is satisfied,  
And you exalt me, like the sounding sea,  
With ceaseless whispers of eternity.

*Celia (Laighton) Thaxter.*

## THE FOUNTAINS OF THE RAIN.

THE merchant clouds that cruise the sultry sky,  
As soon as they have spent their freight of rain,  
Plot how the cooling thrift they may regain :  
All night along the river-marsh they lie,  
And at their ghostly looms swift shuttles ply,  
To weave them nets wherewith the streams to  
    drain ;  
And often in the sea they cast a seine,  
And draw it, dripping, past some headland high.  
Many a slender naiad, with a sigh,  
Is in their arms uptaken from the plain ;  
The trembling myrmidons of dew remain  
No longer than the flash of morning's eye,  
Then back unto their misty fountains fly :  
This is the source and journey of the rain.

*Edith Matilda Thomas.*

## FROST.

How small a tooth hath mined the season's  
heart !

How cold a touch hath set the wood on fire,  
Until it blazes like a costly pyre  
Built for some Ganges emperor, old and swart,  
Soul-spiced on clouds of incense ! Whose the  
art

That webs the streams, each morn, with silver  
wire,

Delicate as the tension of a lyre, —  
Whose falchion pries the chestnut-burr apart ?  
It is the Frost, a rude and gothic sprite,  
Who doth unbuild the Summer's palaced wealth,  
And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight ;  
Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter's night  
The spoiler builds again with jealous stealth,  
And sets a mimic garden, cold and bright.

*Edith Matilda Thomas.*

## SOLITUDE.

" Every man's imagination hath its friends. "

HE who must lead his life where life began  
(Amid the mountains or still inland plains),  
If he desire to visit marts and fanes  
In storied cities, pilgrim goals of man,  
Will oft behold their visionary plan  
Sketched in the summer clouds' slow-moving  
trains ;  
Or, longing for the sea, will hear its strains,  
When stormy woods break out with praise to  
Pan.  
So, he who lives unfriended and remote,  
Hath liberal Fancy serving his desire :  
On every wind kind salutations float,  
To him addressed ; and oft his heart takes fire  
At rumor of some masterful emprise,  
Wrought on the earth, and anthemed through  
the skies !

*Edith Matilda Thomas.*

## ON THE SONNET.

GRANT me twice seven splendid words, O Muse  
(Like jewel pauses on a rosary chain,  
To tell us where the *aves* start again) ;  
Of these, in each verse, one I mean to use —  
Like Theseus in the labyrinth — for clues  
To help lost Fancy striving in the brain ;  
And, Muse, if thou wilt still so kindly deign,  
Make my rhymes move by courtly twos and  
twos !

Oh, pardon, shades of Avon and Vacluse,  
This rush-light burning where your lamps yet  
shine !

A sonnet should be like the cygnet's cruise  
On polished waters ; or like smooth old wine,  
Or earliest honey garnered in May dews !  
And all be laid before some fair love's shrine !

*Edith Matilda Thomas.*



## ON A GARDEN STATUE OF PERSEPHONE.

AND thou that by the poppy bloom dost stand  
Robed in the dusky garments of the south,  
With slumber in thine eyes and on thy mouth,  
Sandalled with silence, having in thy hand  
A philter for Death and a sleep-bearing wand,  
Bringest thou the immitigable fire and drouth ?  
No ; for thy shadowy hair is full of balm,  
Thy philter is delight, thy wand gives rest.  
See, now I fold my hands upon my breast !  
Come, touch me with thy cool and soothing  
palm,  
Lull me to measureless sleep, ineffable calm.  
And bear me to thy garden in the west,  
Beyond whose ever-clouded confine lies  
A sweet, illimitable paradise !

*Maurice Thompson.*

## A GREEN HERON.

WHERE a bright creek into the river's side  
Shoots its keen arrow, a green heron sits,  
Watching the sunfish as it gleaming flits  
From sheen to shade. He sees the turtle glide  
Through the clear spaces of the rhythmic  
stream,  
Like some weird fancy through a poet's dream ;  
He turns his golden eyes from side to side,  
In very gladness that he is not dead,  
While the swift wind-stream ripples overhead  
And the creek's wavelets babble underneath !

O Bird ! that in a cheerful gloom dost live,  
Thou art, to me, a type of happy death ;  
For when thou fliest away no mate will grieve  
Because a lone, strange spirit vanisheth !

*Maurice Thompson.*

"I SCARCELY GRIEVE, O NATURE! AT  
THE LOT."

I SCARCELY grieve, O Nature ! at the lot  
That pent my life within a city's bounds,  
And shut me from thy sweetest sights and  
sounds.

Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot  
Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart  
Taught me amid its turmoil ; so my youth  
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome  
truth.

Here, too, O Nature ! in this haunt of Art,  
Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.  
There is no unimpressive spot on earth !  
The beauty of the stars is over all,  
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.  
Clouds do not scorn us : yonder factory's smoke  
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

*Henry Timrod.*

## INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT heights of rest are in these silences !

What thirst of plains the sunlight seems to  
slake !

The meadows bask. No bitter north-winds  
wake

The tree-tops from their fruitless dream of ease.

The slow brooks murmur like a swarm of bees,

And some shy creature in the tangled brake  
Darts and is still, and trooping sparrows  
make

A moment's chatter in the cedar-trees.

Then on far skies they quickly seem to cease,

Or, wheeling, drop behind some stubbled  
mound ;

But all day long the brooks find no release,

And lift their wandering undertones of sound.

This is the year's full flower, the crown of  
peace,

' The sunlight's harvest, and the south-wind's  
bound.

*Lewis Frank Tooker.*

## THE WIND.

THE wind, that poet of the elements,  
To-night comes whistling down our tropic  
lanes,  
And wakes the slumbrous hours with sweet  
refrains :  
From creamy cups, filled with magnolia scents,  
His luscious lips have gained rich recompense  
For scaling her green towers. To him com-  
plains —  
While shy acacias shake their tawny manes —  
The lonesome lily of her discontents.  
The jasmine, with her white soul in her face,  
Bestows her holy kisses on his mouth ;  
Before the pilgrim-minstrel violets place  
The purple censers of their fervent youth,  
And nodding poppies, with a drowsy grace,  
Anoint his feet with dream-oils of the South.

*Mary Ashley (Van Voorhis) Townsend.*

## SYMPHONY.

NOT to the realm of breathèd sounds alone  
Belong all instruments of melody :  
No less than Music's self hath Poesy  
Her instruments, perchance of finer tone.  
She hath her sonnet-trumpet for her own,  
Her viols and her pipes of balladry,  
And silver flutes for love's sweet ministry  
In many a tender lyric softly blown.  
List, how in clearest harmony they sound, —  
Cymbals and drums beating in battle-song,  
Harp-strains of holy psalmody, up-stealing;  
And, heard through all, with mighty voice profound  
Out-poured, a wave of sound sustained and strong,  
The solemn epic's thunderous organ-pealing !

*Robertson Trowbridge.*

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THE few sere leaves that to the branches cling,  
Fall not to-day, so light the zephyr's breath ;  
O'er Autumn's sleep now plays the breeze of  
Spring,

Like love's warm kiss upon the brow of death :  
Serene the firmament, save where a haze

Of dreamy softness floats upon the air,  
Or a bright cloud of amber seems to gaze

In wild surprise upon the meadows bare :  
Summer revives, and, like a tender strain

Borne on the night-breeze to the wandering  
ear,

With tender sighs melts Winter's frosty chain,

And smiles once more upon the dying year :  
Thus when we deem Time's frost has chilled  
the heart,

At Love's sweet call its languid pulses start.

*Henry Theodore Tuckerman.*

## RECOLLECTION.

As when a player, weary of the day,  
Takes up his instrument and plays along,  
First aimlessly, until unto some song,  
Heard long ago, his fingers find their way, —  
The old tune bringing memories which lay  
Deep buried in the past, once glad and strong, —  
He feels again those joys around him throng,  
And weeps erewhile to think they cannot stay ;  
So I, a-weary with the passing hours,  
In musing fell upon the name of one,  
Now dead and gone, who was once dear to me,  
And recollection sweet as summer showers  
Came back, swift as the first, faint gleams that  
run,  
At dawn, across a great gray waste of sea.

*William Bartlett Tyler.*



## LOVE.

I ASKED of Time to tell me where was Love ;  
He pointed to her footsteps on the snow,  
Where first the angel lighted from above,  
And bid me note the way and onward go ;  
Through populous streets of cities spreading  
    wide,  
By lonely cottage rising on the moor,  
Where bursts from sundered cliff the struggling  
    tide,  
To where it hails the sea with answering roar,  
She led me on ; o'er mountain's frozen head,  
Where mile on mile still stretches on the plain,  
Then homeward whither first my feet she led  
I traced her path along the snow again ;  
But there the sun had melted from the earth  
The prints where first she trod, a child of mortal birth.

*Jones Very.*

## NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,  
Because my feet find measure with its call,  
The birds know when the friend they love is  
nigh,

For I am known to them both great and small ;  
The flowers that on the lovely hill-side grow  
Expect me there when Spring their bloom has  
given ;

And many a tree and bush my wanderings  
know,

And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven ;  
For he who with his Maker walks aright,  
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before ;  
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,  
Each object wear the dress which then it wore ;  
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,  
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

*Jones Very.*

## THE WIND-FLOWER.

THOU lookest up with meek, confiding eye  
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,  
Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by,  
Eying with jealous glance each opening grace.  
Thou trustest wisely ! In thy faith arrayed  
More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king ;  
Such faith was his whom men to death betrayed  
As thine who hear'st the timid voice of Spring,  
While other flowers still hide them from her  
call

Along the river's brink and meadows bare.  
Thee will I seek beside the stony wall  
And in thy trust with childlike heart would  
share,  
O'erjoyed that in thy early leaves I find  
A lesson taught by him who loved all human  
kind.

*Jones Very.*

## HE WAS ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

I CANNOT tell the sorrows that I feel  
By the night's darkness, by the prison's gloom ;  
There is no sight that can the death reveal  
The spirit suffers in a living tomb ;  
There is no sound of grief that mourners raise,  
No moaning of the wind, or dirge-like sea,  
Nor hymns, though prophet tones inspire the  
    lays,  
That can the spirit's grief awake in thee.  
Thou too must suffer, as it suffers here,  
The death in Christ, to know the Father's love ;  
Then in the strains that angels love to hear  
Thou too shalt hear the Spirit's song above,  
And learn in grief what these can never tell,  
A note too deep for earthly voice to swell.

*Jones Very.*

## LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blooming roses, summer dew,  
Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,  
So to my bosom are the beams that use  
To rain on me from eyes that Love inspires ;  
Your love, — vouchsafe it, royal-hearted Few, —  
And I will set no common price thereon ;  
O, I will keep, as Heaven his holy blue,  
Or Night her diamonds, that dear treasure  
won.  
But aught of inward faith must I forego,  
Or miss one drop from Truth's baptismal  
hand,  
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers,  
and grow  
Less worthy trust, to meet your hearts' de-  
mand :  
Farewell ! your wish I for your sake deny ;  
Rebel to love in truth to love am I.

*David Atwood Wasson.*

## PRIDE.

COULD one ascend with an unheard-of flight,  
And skyward, skyward without limit soar,  
As if the pinion of a god he wore,  
Till earth were left a dwindling star, whose  
light  
Flew faint upon his track, — at last his height  
All height would vanquish ; there in deeps of  
space  
Were neither upper nor inferior place :  
Distinction's little zone below him quite.  
Oh ! happy dreams of such a soul have I,  
And softly to my heart of him I sing,  
Whose seraph pride all pride doth overwing,  
Soars unto meekness, reaches low by high,  
And, as in grand equalities of the sky,  
Stands level with the beggar and the king.

*David Atwood Wasson.*

## THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

IF stores of dry and learned lore we gain,  
We keep them in the memory of the brain ;  
Names, things, and facts — whate'er we know-  
ledge call,  
There is the common ledger for them all ;  
And images on this cold surface traced  
Make slight impressions, and are soon effaced.

But we've a page more glowing and more  
bright,  
On which our friendship and our love to write ;  
That these may never from the soul depart,  
We trust them to the memory of the heart.  
There is no dimming — no effacement here ;  
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear ;  
Warm, golden letters, all the tablet fill,  
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

*Daniel Webster.*

## EURYALUS.

UPWARD we went by fields of asphodel,  
Leaving Ortygia's moat-bound walls below,  
By orchards where the wind-flowers' drifted  
snow

Lay softly heaped upon the turf's light swell,  
By gardens whence upon the wayside fell  
Jasmine and rose in April's overflow,  
Till, winding up Epipolæ's wide brow,  
We reached at last the lonely citadel.

There, on the ruined rampart climbing high,  
We sat and dreamed among the browsing sheep,  
Until we heard the trumpet's startled cry  
Waking a clang of arms about the keep,  
And seaward saw, with rapt, foreboding eye,  
The sails of Athens whiten on the deep.

*Edith Wharton.*



## TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious eyes,  
And saw, with their unearthly beauty pained,  
Heaven deepening within heaven, like the skies  
Of autumn nights without a shadow stained,  
I stood as one whom some strange dream en-  
thralls ;  
For, far away, in some lost life divine,  
Some land which every glorious dream recalls,  
A spirit looked on me with eyes like thine.  
E'en now, though death has veiled their starry  
light,  
And closed their lids in his relentless night —  
As some strange dream, remembered in a  
dream,  
Again I see in sleep their tender beam ;  
Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,  
Heaven deepening within heaven, serene and  
still.

*Sarah Helen (Powers) Whitman.*

## TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IF thy sad heart, pining for human love,  
In its earth solitude grew dark with fear,  
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should prove  
Powerless to save from that phantasmal sphere  
Wherein thy spirit wandered — if the flowers  
That pressed around thy feet seemed but to  
bloom

In lone Gethsemanes, through starless hours,  
When all who loved had left thee to thy  
doom : —

Oh, yet believe that in that hollow vale  
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain  
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall avail  
To lift its burden of remorseful pain, —  
My soul shall meet thee and its heaven forego  
Till God's great love on both one hope, one  
Heaven bestow.

*Sarah Helen (Powers) Whitman.*

## A DROP OF INK.

THIS drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen,  
What might it write in Milton's mighty hand !  
What might it speak at Shakespeare's high  
command !  
What words to thrill the throbbing hearts of  
men !  
Or from Beethoven's soul a grand amen,  
All life and death in one full compass  
spanned !  
Who could its power in Goethe's touch with-  
stand ?  
What words of truth it holds beyond our ken, —  
What blessed promise we would fain be told,  
And cannot, — what grim sentence dread as  
death, —  
What venomous lie, that never shall unfold, —  
What law, undoing science with a breath !  
But — mockery of life's quick-wasted lot —  
Dropped on a virgin sheet 't is but a blot !

*Ernest Whitney.*

## REQUITAL.

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day drew  
Nigh to its close, besought all men to say  
Whom he had wronged, to whom he then  
should pay  
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,  
And, through the silence of his weeping friends,  
A strange voice cried : "Thou owest me a  
debt,"  
"Allah be praised !" he answered. "Even  
yet  
He gives me power to make to thee amends.  
Oh friend ! I thank thee for thy timely word."  
So runs the tale. Its lesson all may heed,  
For all have sinned in thought, or word, or  
deed,  
Or, like the Prophet, through neglect have  
erred.  
All need forgiveness, all have debts to pay  
Ere the night cometh, while it still is day.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## FORGIVENESS.

MY heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul  
wrong ;  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial-place ;  
Where, pondering how all human love and  
hate  
Find one sad level ; and how, soon or late,  
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened  
face,  
And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none de-  
part,  
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I for-  
gave !

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

WINGED mimic of the woods ! thou motley fool !

Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe ?

Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule

Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe :

Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,  
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school ;

To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule !

For such thou art by day, — but all night  
long

Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn  
strain,

As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song  
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,

Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,  
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

*Richard Henry Wilde.*

## ACROSTIC.

ELEGANCE floats about thee like a dress,  
Melting the airy motion of thy form  
Into one swaying grace ; and loveliness,  
Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm,  
Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress,  
Enriching it, as moonlight after storm  
Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.  
A beauty that bewilders like a spell  
Reigns in thine eye's clear hazel ; and thy brow  
So pure in vein'd transparency doth tell  
How spiritually beautiful art thou —  
A temple where angelic love might dwell.  
Life in thy presence were a thing to keep,  
Like a gay dreamer clinging to his sleep.

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

## THE SNOW-FLAKE.

FAIR, fragile waif ; — whose wandering child  
art thou !  
Climb'd'st thou the sun's beam, from the ocean's  
breast,  
Or from some ice-capped mountain's sparkling  
crest ;  
Or from the rill which bathed yon hill's hot  
brow  
When summer's fever burned ; — all ashen,  
now,  
With winter's savage frown ? or didst thou  
rest  
Within some pool which breathing spring ca-  
ressed  
With silken leaves, that decked the dipping  
bough ?  
Mayhap a tear-like drop of morning's dew  
Wert thou — spilled from the hare-bell's trem-  
bling cup,  
Or nestled on some blade — content to be  
The glory of the ray which bare thee up,  
Far — far — within the skies' wide sea of  
blue : —  
Now, wandering back across the frozen lea.

*Robert Burns Wilson.*



## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BECAUSE the way is long, and we may never  
Meet face to face this side the shadowed  
land ;  
Because — a thousand things ! — because  
the hand  
May seek in friendly, but in vain, endeavor  
Some dreamed-of clasp ; because, though seas  
may sever  
This kindred - seeking dust, there is no  
strand  
Too far for loving thoughts — spread wave  
or sand,  
Forevermore, thought scorneth them forever : —

Therefore lest fate hold by her barrier still,  
No kindlier proving, hence, than in the past —  
Lest on that unknown bourn there be no  
meeting, —  
For thee, upon the tide of good and ill  
Which floods with ceaseless flow this world, I  
cast  
This waif : for thee, brave heart, my soul's  
best greeting.

*Robert Burns Wilson.*

## AT GIBRALTAR.

## I.

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,  
Not all a stranger ; as thy bugles blow,  
I feel within my blood old battles flow —  
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are  
found.

Still surging dark against the Christian bound  
Wide Islam presses ; well its peoples know  
Thy heights that watch them wandering below ;  
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering  
sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.  
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son !  
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race ;  
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day  
Gibraltar wakened ; hark, thy evening gun  
Startles the desert over Africa !

*George Edward Woodberry.*

## AT GIBRALTAR.

## II.

THOU art the rock of empire, set mid-seas  
Between the East and West, that God has  
built ;

Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,  
While run thy armies true with his decrees,  
Law, justice, liberty — great gifts are these ;

Watch that they spread where English blood  
is spilt,  
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt  
The soldier's lifestream flow, and Heaven dis-  
please !

Two swords there are : one naked, apt to smite  
Thy blade of war ; and, battle-storied, one  
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.

American I am ; would wars were done !  
Now westward, look, my country bids good-  
night —

Peace to the world from ports without a gun !

*George Edward Woodberry.*

## OF SUCH AS I HAVE.

LOVE me for what I am, Love. Not for sake  
Of some imagined thing which I might be,  
Some brightness or some goodness not in me,  
Born of your hope, as dawn to eyes that wake  
Imagined morns before the morning break.  
If I, to please you (whom I fain would please),  
Reset myself like new key to old tune,  
Chained thought, remodelled action, very soon  
My hand would slip from yours, and by degrees  
The loving, faulty friend, so close to-day,  
Would vanish, and another take her place, —  
A stranger with a stranger's scrutinies,  
A new regard, an unfamiliar face.  
Love me for what I am, then, if you may ;  
But, if you cannot, — love me either way.

*Sarah Channing Woolsey.*

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million (FAO 1996).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the nutritional status of the world's population. The United Nations World Food Programme (WFP) has been instrumental in the development of the *World Food Summit Declaration* (WFP 1996) and the *World Declaration on Nutrition* (WHO 1992).

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